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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXXX. }

No. 2519. — October 8, 1892.

} From Beginning,
Vol. CXCIV. }

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COLUMBUS.

FOR THE FESTIVAL AT HUELVA.

A Castilla y a Leon
Nuevo Mundo dió Colon.

To Christ he cried to quell Death's deafening measure

Sung by the storm to Death's own chartless sea;

To Christ he cried for glimpse of grass or tree

When, hovering o'er the calm, Death watch'd at leisure;

And when he showed the men, now dazed with pleasure,

Faith's new world glittering star-like on the lee,

"I trust that by the help of Christ," said he,

"I presently shall light on golden treasure."

What treasure found he? Chains and pains and sorrow —

Yea, all the wealth those noble seekers find

Whose footfalls mark the music of mankind!

'Twas his to lend a life: 'twas man's to borrow:

'Twas his to make, but not to share, the morrow

Who in Love's memory lives this morn enshrined.

Athenæum. THEODORE WATTS.

THE HAPPY LOVERS.

THEY had no "partings in the wood,"

No "meetings in the hawthorn lane,"

"Beside the sea" they never stood,

Nor "watched the sunset after rain."

Their pathway was the busy street,

Their trysting-place the office stair,

Yet well I know joy more complete

Did never visit mortal pair.

And why should rustic love alone

Be decked with all poetic art?

These dull, grey city walls have known

The beating of a nation's heart.

The weary workers come and go;

The secret of each soul is dumb;

Yet still at times a radiant glow

Across their wayworn lives may come.

And these, my happy lovers, knew

Hard toil, small wage, and scanty fare;

The skies they saw were never blue,

But love made gladness everywhere.

His step upon the office floor

Was sweet to her as thrush's song;

Her face that passed the open door

For him made sunshine all day long.

And doubtless, though these two would fain

Have left awhile the city's roar

To loiter down a country lane,

Or linger by some lonely shore;

Yet sometimes Fate was kind, as when

They travelled by "the Underground,"

And in a carriage meant for ten,

No other than themselves they found.

You laugh? — My lay is dull, I know;

Truth needs a daintier garb than this;

A gayer scene let others show,

My lovers dwell in happy bliss.

So let the world wheel on its way,

Earth holds not out a dearer crown;

God give the same to all, I pray,

Who live and die in London Town.

Chambers' Journal. MARY MACLEOD.

A PARTING.

As still as if magic of will had reft her,

In falling dew from the darkening skies

She lingered and stayed where at last he left her,

And stared at the darkness with shining eyes;

A smile on the lips that his own had pressed,

A shiver of joy on the hair caressed,

The world ecstatic around, above her

With touch and tone of the vanished lover.

And when she arose with the spell about her,

The night was music and day was far,

And death was the dream of a loveless doubter,

And life was the sky for one burning star;

And divine was the right of the power that claimed

The heart that trembled and leaped and flamed

As blessed thrall of a pitiless passion, —

A thing to break, or a soul to fashion!

And he? He left in a glad commotion,

And bought a paper and caught the train,

And roused from the Budget of Mr. Goschen

To casually meditate now and again

Should he dine at the Club or some other-

where?

If she thought of him when he wasn't there,

And the nice little ways she had — God bless her! —

And whether it cost a lot to dress her?

Speaker. MAUDE EGERTON KING.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
DR. JOHNSON'S LETTERS.¹

READERS of that supreme "Biography" which Lord Macaulay has ranked as "first without a second," will recall the various illustrations which it gives of Johnson's capacities as a letter writer. They may remember, for instance, the "celebrated letter" (as Boswell truly calls it) to Lord Chesterfield; the exquisitely tender condolence with James Elphinston on his mother's death; the "polite and urbane" letter to Charles Burney while as yet undistinguished; the courteous but pointed rebuke to a mother who had importuned him to "solicit a great man to whom he had never spoken, for a young person whom he had never seen, upon a supposition which he had no means of knowing to be true;" the noble indignation expressed to his friend William Drummond against an attempt to impede the translation of the Bible into Gaelic; the sternly defiant acknowledgment of Macpherson's "foolish and impudent letter;" the advice to "a young clergyman in the country," almost verbally anticipating Keble's line, "By blameless guile or gentle force;"² the sadly significant announcement to his landlord that it had "pleased God to deprive him of the power of speech;" the irrepressible cry for sympathy, "O my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful," followed almost instantly by two such sentences as "Let us learn to derive our hope only from God—in the mean time let us be kind to one another;" the reply to his little godchild's "pretty letter," with the closing advice "that through your whole life you will carefully say your prayers and read your Bible;" and the dignified gratitude for Thurlow's munificent offer, which he declines only because if he were now to "appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good," he would hold him-

self guilty of advancing "a false claim." Such letters, although they may lack the charm of Gray's or Cowper's, or, we may add, of Scott's, have all the strength, distinctness, and reality which were inseparable from the majestic personality of the writer.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the most recent editor of the "Life," has now enhanced his own strong claim on the gratitude of "Johnsonians" by collecting all those letters of Johnson's which are not included in Boswell's work. "I have not thought it right," he says, "to pass over any on account of their insignificance." He pleads that those which he now gives to the world—many of which had been already published by Mrs. Piozzi—will secure for Johnson "a far higher rank among letter writers than he has as yet filled." "Admirable as many of those [letters] are which are published by Boswell, nevertheless in the 'Life' they are overshadowed by his superlative merit as a talker . . . His letters may be good, but his talk has no rival;" "but when we no longer have it to tempt us, we shall not fail to recognize how admirable he was in his correspondence." This is quite true. The volumes before us do indeed present "fine and weighty passages in which he treats of the greatest of all arts, the art of living;" "strong common sense, set forth in vigorous English, on which his friends could always draw in their perplexities;" and also "a playfulness and lightness of touch which will surprise those who know him only by his formal writings," and may make up, in some degree, for the loss involved in Miss Burney's over-sensitive objection to supplying Boswell with specimens of Johnson's correspondence with herself. We may add that although the letters now published abound in quotations from, or references to, famous writers of all ages—Hesiod, Aristotle, Galen, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Cicero, Tacitus, Martial, Severus, Shakespeare, Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Swift, Rochefoucault—yet the reader feels in every case that this rich and "full mind" is recalling the passage because it cannot help doing

¹ Letters of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Collected and edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., Editor of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1892.

² Such honest, I may call them holy artifices, must be practised by every clergyman; for all means must be tried by which souls may be saved." (Life of Johnson, ed. Dr. Hill, iii. 438.)

so ; of pedantry or ostentation there is not the shadow of a trace.

That Dr. Birkbeck Hill has performed his task with indefatigable assiduity and true "Johnsonian" enthusiasm, goes without saying. At the same time, the criticism which was passed on his annotations to the "Life" is not, we think, wholly inapplicable to similar work in the goodly volumes before us. There is, if it be not ungracious to say so, a little too much of his own individuality in his comments. One does not particularly care about knowing that he considers "Walter Scott disgraced by being one of the correspondents of" that "affected, tiresome, spiteful, and mendacious creature, Anna Seward."¹ He cannot let a reference to Sir Joseph Mawbey pass without not only quoting from the "Rolliad," about the Speaker Cornewall as enduring Mawbey's eloquence, but adding—one might say, dragging in—the following personal reminiscence: "I thought when I saw my friend, Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, sitting as chairman of committee, that to him, as member for a division of Cornwall, these lines might be aptly applied."² He conjectures that a shoe-black to whom Johnson's friend Dr. Taylor, of Ashbourne (of whom more presently), left his property, with a proviso that he might take any name but that of Taylor, "was his illegitimate son."³ It may have been so, but Johnson's letter in the text does not, we think, support this charitable suggestion. Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale on April 4, 1776, that Thrale "said that he would go to the house;" whereupon we have a note, "The House of Commons, I conjecture. On April 1, if he attended, he heard a debate on expenses" of the American war; then comes a quotation from Lord North's speech in that debate; after that, a reference to the increase in the national debt on account of that war, with a quotation from Gib-

bon about "supporting" it.⁴ This is mere "padding," and similarly Johnson's allusion to the closing of the Bodleian for one week in the year is made the peg for a long note on the negligence of eighteenth-century custodians, not only of that library, but of "Dr. Radcliffe's" as well.⁵ Passages in the text of vol. ii., pp. 67, 100, are repeated in notes on pp. 212, 209; while here and there a note seems deficient in point of information. Once or twice Dr. Birkbeck Hill offends against good taste, or even good feeling, rather more seriously. When Johnson quotes Sulpicius Severus about St. Martin, Dr. Hill informs us that he was "Bishop of Tours in the fourth century," but apparently cannot resist the temptation to add a ponderous sarcasm from Gibbon about the great missionary "imprudently committing a miracle."⁶ Much worse, and deserving of grave reprehension, is what we find further on. Johnson writes to a "dear friend," Joseph Fowke:⁷ "Whether we shall ever meet again in this world, who can tell? Let us, however, wish well to each other; prayers can pass the Line and the Tropics."⁸ And Dr. Hill thinks good to observe in a note, "Prayers apparently would take the longer course round the Cape of Good Hope." Respect for the religious belief of many readers, if not for that of his hero, whose conviction as to the efficacy of intercessory prayer is remarkably apparent in the "Letters,"⁹ ought surely to have restrained the editor from setting down in his manuscript, or at any rate from retaining in his proof, a sneer so vapid and so ignoble. Dr. Hill, we fear, would hardly echo Carlyle's confession in his book on "Heroes:" "The church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson really worshipped in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place." But we prefer to think of the eminent services which the editor has rendered, in this as in previous works, to the study of Johnson's life and character; and we proceed to

¹ Letters, i. 10. We by no means take up the cudgels for this sentimental *précieuse*, whose conceit, fostered by compliments, is pleasantly alluded to by Mrs. Oliphant, (Literary Hist. of England, i. 233.)

² Letters, i. 333.

³ Ibid., i. 380.

⁴ Letters, i. 386.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 192.

⁶ Ibid., ii. 290.

⁷ Ibid., ii. 211, 214, 281, 308, 395, 428.

⁸ Ibid., ii. 77.

⁹ Ibid., i. 409.

take note of the chief features of the correspondence here presented to us in a form which is, on the whole, so attractive.

The date of the first letter in the series is October 30, 1731. Johnson was then twenty-two; as Dr. Hill ascertained by a painstaking inquiry,¹ he had left Pembroke College (without a degree) nearly two years before; he was living at Lichfield, "not knowing," says Boswell, "how he should gain even a decent livelihood."² He thanks his relation Mr. Hickman for favor and assistance, but begs to be excused from composing verses on the subject of a recent disappointment. The letter which the editor considers "the gem of his collection," and which he "owes to the liberality of Mr. William R. Smith, barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple," is one in which "the fond and youthful husband" of thirty addresses the wife of over fifty as his "dear girl" and "charming love."³ The reader inevitably smiles; but there must have been more in the "Tetty" whose memory was so long and sacredly cherished, than Garrick's description of her person and manners would suggest. "She seems," writes Mr. Leslie Stephen, "to have been a woman of good sense and some literary judgment."⁴ She died in March, 1752, three years after this letter was written; and seven years later, his mother's last illness and death called forth those indescribably touching letters to her and to her step-daughter, Lucy Porter, which Dr. Hill has inserted in "Appendix B" to the first volume of the "Life," and which he incorporates in the text of the "Letters." Miss Porter, in after days, disappointed Johnson by her frivolity and her waywardness; in 1775, for instance, he remarks, "She is very good-humored while I do just as she would

have me;"⁵ and again, "Lucy is a philosopher, and considers me as one of the external and accidental things that are to be taken and left without emotion;"⁶ but now under the presence of their common bereavement he writes, "Every heart must lean to somebody, and I have nobody but you. . . . Pray, my dearest, write to me as often as you can;"⁷ he sends her the "little story book" which he has published, and which we know as "Rasselas," begging her to tell him "how she likes it," as if her opinion would be of value;⁸ and he adds many tender messages to "poor Kitty Chambers," his mother's old servant.⁹ In this period of Johnson's life we find him discussing "Clarissa" with Richardson, and pleading for an accurate index; pouring himself out to Joseph Weston in sympathy for "poor, dear Collins," whose mind had passed from depression into lunacy; corresponding with Miss Hill Boothby in terms of affection which might seem extravagant, if one did not remember how "Johnson, like all good men, loved good women;"¹⁰ begging her to "continue her prayers for him that no good resolution may be vain," yet declining to be directed by her in religious matters; full of anxiety as to her failing health, and giving her the benefit of his medical studies (which were probably prejudicial to his own health) by prescribing dried orange peel for dyspepsia.¹¹ We hear thus early of the blind

⁵ See Letters, ii. 335; cf. 359.

⁶ Ibid., i. 180. So, in i. 191, "Miss Porter will be satisfied with a very little of my company." This was in 1772.

⁷ So in 1768, when Miss Porter's aunt died, "My dear, dear love," he writes from Oxford, "you have had a very great loss. . . . Whenever I can do anything for you, remember, my dear darling, that one of my greatest pleasures is to please you." (Ibid., i. 139.)

⁸ Letters, i. 82, 87.

⁹ Ibid., i. 91, 111, 127. When he hears of his pension, it is natural to him to say, "Be so kind as to tell Kitty," (ibid., i. 93). Later, in 1767, he took a solemn leave of her, after praying by her bedside partly in the words of the Visitation Office. This is that "tender and affectionate scene" which Boswell commends to the "candid" consideration of those "who have been taught to look upon Johnson as a man of a harsh and stern character." (Life, ii. 44).

¹⁰ Leslie Stephen, p. 13.

¹¹ Letters, i. 47-49. We cannot agree with Dr.

¹ Dr. Johnson, his Friends and his Critics, p. 329 ff.

² Life, ed. Dr. Hill, i. 79.

³ Letters, i. 5.

⁴ See his excellent volume on "Johnson" in the series of "English Men of Letters," p. 13. In the last year of his own life Johnson arranged for a stone to be placed over her grave. Letters, ii. 411; Life, i. 241.

lady, Miss Anna Williams, who having come under his roof on a visit to his wife, became a lifelong and valued, though sometimes querulous inmate,¹ claiming, as Boswell found when he had to propitiate her about the famous Dilly dinner, a certain control over her benefactor's engagements, but "pleasing" him by her "great merit, both intellectual and moral," by her "comprehensive knowledge" and her "steady fortitude," and "for thirty years," as he expressed it, filling towards him the place of "a sister," until her death left him "desolate" about a year before his own.² Mr. Taylor has been already mentioned, and he soon becomes a prominent figure in the correspondence and illustrates that tenacious fidelity of Johnson to old friends as such, apart from any question of intrinsic congeniality, which appears in the letters to Edmund Hector, a medical man at Birmingham; in the solicitude for his cousin and playmate, the improvident Tom Johnson;³ in a reference to Harry Jackson, whom he entertained at dinner on a visit to his native city in 1776, and whom Boswell found to be "a low man, dull and untaught;"⁴ and in the visits paid to "poor Charles Congreve," who had drifted through ill health into habits of "sordid self-indulgence," and "confessed a bottle a day."⁵

John Taylor, who came up to Christ Church, as the editor has ascertained, four months after Johnson entered at Pembroke,⁶ was a person of higher type than these, but hardly worthy, except as an old associate, of the great privilege which has perpetuated his name. There is nothing beautiful in the figure

Hill that in these letters Johnson "seems to affect a style that would have better become a spiritual novel." They exhibit the writer's religious good sense as well as his piety of feeling. "No man can know how little his performance will answer to his promises. . . . Surely no human understanding can pray for anything temporal otherwise than conditionally."

¹ Once, speaking of his ill-assorted household, he says, "We have tolerable concord at home, but no love. Williams hates everybody." (Letters, ii. 77.)

² Ibid. ii. 336, 348. ³ Letters, i. 198, 302.

⁴ Ibid. i. 376, ii. 20; Life, ii. 463.

⁵ Ibid. i. 304, 315.

⁶ Johnson, his Friends and his Critics, p. 343.

of this burly squire-parson of conspicuously unclerical habits,⁷ a landowner, a rector, and a canon of Westminster, active as a magistrate and liberal to the poor, but unfortunate in his married life, at variance now with his sister and now with his neighbors—"fierce and fell" in the prosecution of "lawsuits," and in one case contemplating what Johnson thought a *pactum iniquum*;⁸ insatiably greedy of more Church preferment, "as if he were in want with twenty children,"⁹ disappointed (to the reader's satisfaction) in regard to deanery after deanery; giving way to "unsettlement of mind" and "unnecessary vexation;" exhibiting a childish imprudence in domestic affairs of special delicacy, and requiring the terse admonition to "do his own business, and keep his own secrets;"¹⁰ a man whose talk, as Johnson himself said in the son of Sirach's words, was "about bullocks,"¹¹ and was also curiously vulgar, as we gather from a bit of sly mimicry in one of Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale.¹² Johnson liked well enough to visit him in his "very pleasant house at Ashbourne, where he had a lawn and a lake, and an abundance of live stock"—for instance, "thirty deer that ate bread from the hand"—and where Boswell found "everything good, no scantiness appearing, and a butler in purple clothes with a large white wig,"¹³ The guest amused himself with the peculiarities of his host, but had a certain, though, as he frankly said,¹⁴ a stationary regard for him as representing old times. "Neither of us," he wrote in 1756, "can now find many whom he has known so long as we have known each other." Again, in 1775, "Our friendship has lasted so long, that it is valuable for its antiquity."¹⁵ It seems to have been valuable for little else; yet still it was something to hold by, and at any rate we owe to sojourns at Ashbourne some of the best fun in the correspondence.

⁷ Life, iii. 181.

⁸ Ibid. i. 396.

⁹ Life, iii. 181.

¹⁰ Life, ii. 473.

¹¹ Letters, i. 71, 369; cf. ii. 267.

¹² Letters, ii. 160; i. 400.

¹³ Ibid. i. 109.

¹⁴ Letters, ii. 160.

¹⁵ See Life, iii. 181.

The bucolic host was proud of his great bull, and Johnson humorously follows suit:—

Very great he is . . . he has no disease but age. I hope in time to be like the great bull. . . . There has been a man here to-day to take a farm. After some talk he went to see the bull, and said that he had seen a bigger. *Do you think he is likely to get the farm?* . . . Our bulls and cows are all well, but we yet hate the man that had seen a bigger bull.¹

All this was in a mild way diverting to Johnson, and was doubtless safer matter of talk at Ashbourne than some matters of graver interest, for Taylor was a Whig and Johnson "did not like much to see a Whig in any dress, but hated to see one in a parson's gown."² One reminiscence of Ashbourne is significant: "My time past heavily at Ashbourne; yet I could not easily get away, though Taylor, I sincerely think, was glad to see me go."³ This was in 1781. In 1782, after urging Taylor to take care of his health, and referring to his own distresses, mental and bodily, Johnson says: "I wish that in our latter days we may give some comfort to each other; we have no time to lose in petulance."⁴

Not long before Johnson's death he received from Taylor a letter which "made him a little angry," and which he answered with some peremptoriness. "You mean to charge me with neglecting or opposing my own health. Tell me, therefore, what I do that hurts me, and what I neglect that would help me. . . . Answer the first part of this letter immediately."⁵

One may speculate as to Taylor's feelings when, some two months later, he read the burial service over the friend whom in life he had not sufficient elevation to appreciate. As we have seen, he had embodied for Johnson the

claims of an early intimacy; and we see its force also exhibited in references to his first love, Mrs. Careless, and in the correspondence with Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Gaskell, the sisters-in-law of that Gilbert Walmsley, registrar of the Prerogative Court of Lichfield, who, although "of advanced age when Johnson was only not a boy," had shown him much kindly hospitality, and greatly enlarged the area of his knowledge.⁶ This could never be forgotten; and therefore the two ladies at Stow Hill, to the east of Lichfield Cathedral, receive letters full of solicitude and sympathy, until at last, in the month before his death, he excuses himself for not having taken a formal farewell, "which he hopes would have been no pleasure to them, and would have been painful to himself."⁷ We see, also, how strong a hold Lichfield always had upon his affections; he is well pleased with the accession of a new dean, whose "spirit of discipline" will "bring the cathedral into better method;"⁸ he complains of the corporation for "cutting down the trees in George Lane;"⁹ he sketches for Mrs. Thrale's entertainment the constitution and the dissensions of an "Amicable Society."¹⁰ He laughs gently at the conversational dullness, "Mrs. Aston's parrot pecked my leg, and I heard of it some time after at Mrs. Cobb's;"¹¹ "Evelina" was unheard of in the Lichfield "reading society" until he mentioned it nearly four years after its publication.¹²

So much for what reminded him of his youth. But the larger portion of this correspondence is occupied with a friendship acquired when new friends

⁶ Life, i. 81.

⁷ Letters, ii. 430. Compare Letters, i. 131; ii. 60, etc.

⁸ Letters, ii. 24. Johnson regretted, and suppressed, a passage in his "Journey to the Western Islands" reflecting on a former dean's neglect of the cathedral fabric: "from me it may be thought improper, for the dean did me a kindness about forty years ago. . . . Reproach can do him no good, and in myself I know not whether it is zeal or wantonness" (ibid., i. 300).

⁹ Letters, i. 154. So in i. 162: "I am not wholly unmoved by the revolutions in Sadler Street" (at the corner of which he had lived).

¹⁰ Ibid., i. 331.

¹¹ Ibid., i. 335.

¹² Ibid., ii. 234.

¹ Letters, i. 166, 178, 197. There are also references to a swan of Taylor's that had "died without an elegy," to a profusion of "strawberries and cream," of "custard and bilberry pie," and to Taylor's scheme of making a new garden, etc. (ibid., i. 181, 182, 346).

² Life, v. 255; referring to Granger's Biographical Dictionary. Taylor, however, seems to have been a moderate Whig (Letters, ii. 285).

³ Letters, ii. 240.

⁴ Ibid., ii. 282.

⁵ Ibid., ii. 427.

were seldom made, and therefore "something better than the general course of things gives man a right to expect"¹—a friendship which, three years after its commencement, he "counted among the felicities of life,"² and of which, some eight years later, he could say with a charming union of terseness and sweetness, "I am sorry, not to owe so much, but to repay so little."³ He was fifty-five when he became acquainted, and rapidly intimate, with Henry and Hester Thrale, and, as Boswell expresses it, had an apartment appropriated "to him, both in their house in Southwark and in their elegant villa at Streatham."⁴ Two years later he begins to refer to it as that place which their kindness allowed him to call his home.⁵ They appear under the titles of "my master" and "my mistress," which it seems they respectively applied to each other. The little, "brisk, plump" lady, as Boswell describes her, with her superficial cleverness, and, one must add, her superficial affectionateness of speech and manner—often "saucy," always lively, habitually inaccurate in speech, much given to soft compliments or "flatteries"⁶—was an element of brightness in Johnson's life which he found irresistible, and learned to prize as indispensable. We owe her much, for she did much for him; she stood between him and many dark clouds. In writing to her he becomes, so to speak, young again. He repays with interest her efforts to amuse him; he "chaffs" her about her wig;⁷ for he chronicles, as

we have seen, the daily trivialities of Ashbourne;⁸ for her he adapts his stately "Johnsonian" diction to the purposes of playful irony;⁹ for her he records his Hebridean experiences, and sends her husband (a real scholar) a Sapphic ode to "Thralia dulcis," written while he was weatherbound in Skye;¹⁰ for her he lightly touches on the weaknesses of his faithful fellow-traveller: "Boswell, who is very pious, went into the chapel [on Inch Kenneth] at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste for fear of spectres;" "He carries with him two or three good resolutions; I hope they will not mould upon the road."¹¹

But Johnson's serious vein appears at frequent intervals. He expresses a keen interest in her husband's candidatures for Southwark; he gently lectures her on her want of methodical attention; he writes anxiously about her illnesses, and those of her children; professes himself a special partisan of one of the daughters;¹² condoles tenderly with her on the death of her eldest boy in 1776;¹³ and when, in April, 1781, the father follows the son after hopeless depression and obscuration of mental faculties, Johnson can say nothing more significant of grief than that "no death since that of his wife has ever oppressed him like" Mr. Thrale's.¹⁴ Much earlier in their acquaintance his deep sympathy, ever responsive to the serious ills of humanity, though regardless of "sentimental sorrows," had watched the prog-

for what is joy without drink? . . . Well, but seriously, I think I shall be glad to see you in your own hair."

⁸ Before a visit to Taylor in 1772 he asks Mrs. Thrale to "write word how long I may have leave to stay" (Letters, i. 195).

⁹ Ibid., i. 175, 352, 397; ii. 52, 138.

¹⁰ Ibid., i. 284.

¹¹ Ibid., i. 281, 399.

¹² "I was always a Susy when nobody else was a Susy" (ibid., ii. 44) is not explained by the editor, but clearly refers to the old custom of hailing a leader or popular favorite—"A Moumouth!" etc.

¹³ "He is gone, and we are going. . . . He has probably escaped many such pangs as you are now feeling" (ibid., i. 381). He bids her resign herself to the "Almighty goodness" of "the Universal Father," quoting Psalm xxx. 5, Matt. x. 29.

¹⁴ Letters, ii. 269. Again he writes: "I had interwoven myself with my dear friend. . . . I hope you gain ground on your affliction: I hope to overcome mine" (ii. 214).

¹ Letters, ii. 47.

² Ibid., i. 142.

³ Ibid., i. 388.

⁴ Life, i. 493; ii. 77.

⁵ Letters, i. 129. A description of the house, "unhappily swept away by the advance of London," is given in a note. He identifies himself with the friendly brewer's family. "The first consequence of our late trouble ought to be an endeavor to brew at a cheaper rate" (ibid., i. 194). Again in 1780: "Having lost our election at Southwark" (ibid., ii. 203). Sophy Thrale is "his little girl" (ibid., ii., 359).

⁶ "If you love me," he writes to her, "and surely I hope you do, why should you vitiate my mind with a false opinion of its own merit?" (ibid., i. 221). So i. 329: "unusual compliments . . . embarrass the feeble . . . and disgust the wise;" and ii. 308: "Do not flatter me."

⁷ Ibid., ii. 57: "We will burn it and get drunk;

ress of the cancer which gradually devoured her mother's life. These two had not much liked each other; Johnson had made a jest of Mrs. Salusbury's eager interest in foreign politics; but the "dreadful malady" of which "*de pis en pis* is the natural and certain course"¹ drew out his whole heart towards the "poor dear lady," who pressed his hand between both her own on the very day of her release.¹ Another consolatory letter is called forth by the very different trouble of a disappointment about a will which Mrs. Thrale had expected to be in her favor. "The event is irrevocable. It remains only to bear it. . . . Be alone as little as you can. When you are alone, do not suffer your thoughts to dwell on what you *might* have done. . . . Even to think in the most reasonable manner is for the present not so useful as *not* to think."²

Thrale was a strong man as well as a good one, and his removal set the wife who had never really loved him inopportunately free from the control which her temperament required.³ A change set in which Johnson did not anticipate when, as one of the executors, he assisted her with practical sagacity, as well as with faithful regard, in the business matters which followed on Thrale's death. He thought highly, it seems, of her ability in this line. "If you apply to business perhaps half the mind which you have exercised upon knowledge and elegance, you will need little help."⁴ Some eight months after the death we find him mentioning a name that was to inflict a great shock on his life. All unconscious of what was approaching, he writes: "Piozzi, I find, is coming, . . . and when *he* comes and *I* come, you will have two about you that love you."⁵ But a sort of prevision seems gradually to form itself. "Pray con-

trive something that may hold all together. . . . Do not add to my other distresses any diminution of kindness for, madam, your," etc. "And then—what care you? what then? . . . Do not let Mr. Piozzi nor anybody else put me quite out of your head. . . . Keep up some kindness for me."⁶ These last sad words were written in June, 1782. Mrs. Thrale soon resolved to quit Streatham. Johnson bade farewell, with solemn tenderness, to that dear, familiar "home." He prayed that he "might thankfully remember the comforts and conveniences which he had enjoyed there, and might resign them with holy submission," and commended the family to the fatherly protection of God.⁷ This was in October, 1782. But he went with her to Brighton; they parted with "expostulations" on his side, in April, 1783, when she went to Bath, where, as she herself writes, she "knew he would not follow her."⁸ In the ensuing June he supposes that the narrative of his paralysis, "which would once have affected" her "with tenderness and sorrow, will now" be passed over

with the careless glance of frigid indifference. For this diminution of regard, however, I know not whether I ought to blame you, who may have reasons which I cannot know. . . . You see I yet turn to you with my complaints as a settled and unalienable friend. Do not, do not drive me from you, for I have not deserved either neglect or hatred. . . . Think on me as on a man who for a very great portion of your life has done you all the good he could, etc.⁹

The "reason" was, that the woman of whom he had made so much, whom his admiring fondness had so generously overrated, had set her heart on a love-match which she knew that he (in common with all her friends) would disapprove, and was wearied of what she afterwards called the "yoke" of his presence and society.¹⁰ She could not help it; she followed her shallow nature.

¹ Letters, i. 195, 200, 211, 213, 217. She died June 18, 1773.

² *Ibid.*, i. 293.

³ Life, iv. 277. "Sir, she has done everything wrong since Thrale's bridle was off her neck" (May 16, 1784).

⁴ Letters, ii. 218. "Elegance" with Johnson, as with Miss Austen, means refinement of manner and of mind (Letters, i. 292).

⁵ *Ibid.*, ii. 238. But see below.

⁶ Letters, ii. 241, 243, 250, 259.

⁷ Life, iv. 158.

⁸ Anecdotes, ed. Morley, p. 183.

⁹ Letters, ii. 300, 303, 311.

¹⁰ Anecdotes, p. 184; cf. *ibid.*, pp. 60, 95.

She was willing to be kind to him in a cooler fashion; and when her thoughts were not absorbed by her new passion (which, it must be owned, was not dishonorable in itself) she was probably sorry for the old friend and former inmate, driven back into the loneliness from which her dead husband had once rescued him, and which the increase of infirmities and diseases would render yet more dreary and woeful. For his part he makes the most of anything like a revival of her former "attention and tenderness;"¹ he writes to "dearest Miss Susy and Miss Sophy" in the familiar tone of a fatherly home friend. He rejoices when Sophy recovers from a threatening illness: "God bless you and your children: so says, dear madam, your old friend." He is trying to clasp a departing shadow; he hopes against hope; he tells her of his symptoms, and tries, as it were, to move her pity by such words as "spiritless, infirm, sleepless, and solitary, looking back with sorrow and forward with terror—but I will stop."² She could actually write to him about "dying with a grace." This was too much, and he sternly rebuked her flippant "folly."³ One knows how the story must end. In June, 1784, she gives him to understand that she has "irrevocably" resolved to marry Piozzi.⁴ He writes a letter, which Mr. Leslie Stephen calls a "cry of blind indignation." She remonstrates with more dignity than one might have expected. In his rejoinder he has recovered self-control, and "breathed out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere." There follow deeply pathetic words, which have often been quoted, in grateful recognition of her kindness, as having soothed "twenty years of a life radically wretched."⁵

There is a sad fascination in this sum-

mary of his experience—"a life radically wretched!" What is to be said of it? We know that, as he was clogged from the first with an unsound bodily constitution, exhibiting itself in scrofula, in strange nervous movements astonishing to casual observers, and in attacks of illness which crowd these "Letters" with details of suffering, so, as Boswell words it, he "inherited from his father a vile melancholy,"⁶ producing dark fits of hypochondria, frequently "operating against his health and his life with more or less violence,"⁷ making him say on one occasion that he would consent to have a limb amputated to recover his spirits,⁸ and on another that part of his life had been spent in gloomy discontent or importunate distress.⁹ He could preach cheerfulness to others,¹⁰ could exhort Taylor to avoid fretting, could say that it was "useless and foolish, and perhaps sinful, to be gloomy,"¹¹ but he could not consistently act on his own teaching. Add to this his frequent illnesses, and especially that burden of "wearisome nights," caused by dyspepsia or by asthma, which is so often referred to in these "Letters,"¹² and we understand his craving for club society, his horror of solitude, his frequent postponement of bedtime, his bursts of irritability, his impatience of contradiction. If people could have looked into his mind they would have judged his "rudeness" more equitably. And the shadows darkened, the waters became more turbid, when he thought of "the inevitable hour." He once said that he had never had a moment when the thought of death was not terrible to him.¹³ And here comes in a question of painful interest. He was a convinced and earnest

¹ Letters, ii. 350. He adds: "You will never bestow any share of your good-will on one who deserves it better. Those that have loved longest love best."

² Ibid., ii. 369.

³ Ibid., ii. 384.

⁴ She was not in fact married until July 23. See note, *ibid.*, ii. 404, and Hayward's "Mrs. Piozzi." Her second letter speaks prematurely of Piozzi as her "husband."

⁵ Ibid., ii. 407.

⁶ Life, i. 35. "That miserable dejection of spirits to which he was constitutionally subject" (*ibid.*, i. 298). He often "fancied himself approaching to insanity" (*ibid.*, i. 66).

⁷ Letters, i. 69.

⁸ Life, i. 483.

⁹ Letters, i. 250.

¹⁰ *E.g.*, to Thrale, after his son's death had broken him down (Letters, ii. 99). Thrale came to him "for comfort" on Good Friday.

¹¹ Life, iv. 142.

¹² Letters, i. 205; ii. 25, 373, etc.

¹³ Life, iii. 153, 295; iv. 261, 289. See also Letters, ii. 133, 231.

Christian. Why, it may be asked, did not his Christianity deliver him from this fear, which a sacred writer would have called his "bondage"? Nay, did it not rather intensify the infliction? He more than once explained himself on the subject from a distinctly religious point of view. "No man could be sure that his repentance and obedience had been such" as to satisfy "the terms on which the mediation of our Saviour was promised."¹ "The Redeemer himself," he once said with "gloomy agitation" at Oxford, "had declared that he would set some on his left hand;"² or again, "goodness, always wishing to be better, never dares to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled."³ It is language like this apparently which has led Dr. Hill to say that Cowper's mind "took a deeper gloom from religion than even Johnson's."⁴ But is this a satisfactory account of the matter? Johnson repeatedly made resolutions to give more time to definitely religious exercises—to read the Bible more regularly, to form a habit of attending Church service. Once he said, "Whenever I miss church on a Sunday, I resolve to go another day, but I do not always do it." Again, "I hope in time to take pleasure in public worship."⁵ Indolence was one of his interior troubles; in his surveys of past years he ascribes to it the failures of which he is conscious. "I have been idle, and of idleness comes no goodness,"⁶ is a confession which may be exaggerated, but which explains such language as "I have lived a life of which I do not like the review."⁷ He once associates indolence with "indifference."⁸ If he had made steadier efforts to conquer these hindrances in regard to participation in public worship, and, especially, if he had communicated more frequently than at Easter,⁹ he would not have had merely occa-

sional "radiations of comfort" in the course of divine service;¹⁰ the means of grace, habitually used, would have been for him means of "a strong consolation."¹¹ In the last year of his life, 1784, the "terrors" diminished; during an illness in February he gave a whole day to devotion, and "on a sudden obtained extraordinary relief, for which he looked up to heaven" with thankfulness.¹² The phrase "eternal mercy" drops more than once from his pen as the end draws nearer.¹³ As Macaulay expresses it, "when at length the moment dreaded through so many years came close, the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind."¹⁴ That same relief from an "overwhelming dread" which was granted in their extremity to the Abbess Angélique, to Maria Theresa, and to Charles Wesley, was not withheld from him, who, according to Thackeray's estimate, had "shamed the nation out of irreligion."¹⁵ George Strahan, the vicar of Islington (who as a schoolboy at Abingdon, as a freshman at Oxford,¹⁶ and in later life under a painful domestic difficulty,¹⁷ had experienced Johnson's considerate and steadfast kindness), had the privilege of ministering to him on his deathbed,

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, iii. 25. He was on this occasion so much moved by the second part of the "Gloria in Excelsis" that he "could not utter it."

¹¹ "We find his devotions in this year (1777) eminently fervent; and we are comforted by observing intervals of quiet, composure, and gladness" (*Life*, iii. 99). At the Easter service, he says, "As my heart grew lighter my hopes revived." On Holy Week see "The Idler," No. 103.

¹² *Life*, iv. 272.

¹³ *Letters*, ii. 327, 335. So earlier: "I hope the happiness which I have not found in this world will by infinite mercy be granted in another" (*ibid.* 281).

¹⁴ Biographical Essay on Johnson. He died December 13, 1784. In 1783 he had written, "I hope I shall learn to die as dear Williams is dying . . . with calmness and hope" (*Letters*, ii. 327).

¹⁵ The Four Georges.

¹⁶ His father, William Strahan, had printed the Dictionary. Johnson writes to George as a pupil of Henry Bright, the master of Abingdon School, urging him to take pains about writing Latin, and assuring him that if he had not answered his letters it was from no diminution of regard. "I love you," he says to the sensitive lad, "and hope to love you long." In 1764 he secured George's election as a scholar of University College. "The college is almost filled with my friends, and he will be well treated" (*Letters*, i. 95-97, 100, 113).

¹⁷ *Letters*, ii. 267, 272, 283. He reproves George for "discontent."

¹ *Life*, iii. 294.

² *Ibid.*, iv. 300.

³ *Letters*, ii. 380.

⁴ *Ibid.*, ii. 385.

⁵ *Life*, iii. 401; *ibid.* 214.

⁶ *Letters*, ii. 187.

⁷ *Ibid.*, i. 216; cf. i. 250.

⁸ *Life*, ii. 143.

⁹ On his peculiar "placidity" on Easter day see *Life*, iii. 25. On his preparation for Communion, *ibid.* 99; iv. 122. In *Letters*, ii. 204, he deprecates the view that "St John vi. was to be primarily interpreted of the Eucharist."

and testified that "his foreboding dread of the divine justice by degrees subsided into a pious trust and humble hope in the divine mercy."¹ Three years before he had written out for Boswell an argument for the vicariousness of the Atonement, as a "satisfaction of God's justice by Christ's death;"² he now as a dying man exhorted his kind physician, who seems to have been somewhat sceptical, to believe in "the propitiatory sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary, beyond all good works whatever, for the salvation of mankind."³ In his last will he bequeathed to God "a soul polluted by many sins, but, I hope, purified by Jesus Christ;" and before his last communion he prayed: "Grant that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits and in thy mercy. . . . Make the death of thy Son effectual to my redemption," etc.

Here, then, it was precisely Johnson's religion, when allowed to exercise its full legitimate power, and to flood his soul with an adequate perception of the love of God in Christ, which triumphed at last over his lifelong melancholy, and brightened his deathbed with the peace which would otherwise have been lacking.⁴ Had this benign power been habitually and thoroughly recognized in his life; had he treated the faith which he firmly held as given not less to cheer than to overawe; had he thus taken Christianity at its own word, and resorted oftener to its ordinances as remedies for anxiety and "points of contact" with him who "is our Peace," how much unhappiness would he have avoided! On the other hand, imagine a man of Johnson's temperament passing out of the world without prayer and faith, and what blackness of darkness would have enveloped such a scene!

Boswell has admirably said that "in no writings whatever can be found more bark and steel for the mind than" in

Johnson's.⁵ This tonic quality appears in his "Letters." Take a few specimens only. "What is modesty," *i.e.*, self-depreciation, "if it deserts from truth?"⁶ "We can hardly be confident of the state of our own minds, but as it stands attested by some external action; we are seldom sure that we sincerely meant what we omitted to do."⁷ "All pleasure preconceived and preconcerted ends in disappointment."⁸ "All unnecessary vows are folly, because they suppose a prescience of the future which has not been given us."⁹ "He must mingle with the world that desires to be useful."¹⁰ "Nor is there any semblance of kindness more vigorously to be repelled than that which voluntarily offers" (to an elderly man) "a vicarious performance of the duties of life, and conspires with the natural love of ease against diligence and perseverance."¹¹ "Sadness only multiplies self."¹² "Whoever lives heedlessly lives in a mist."¹³ "Praise and money, the two powerful corrupters of mankind."¹⁴ "Incommunicative taciturnity . . . reposes on a stubborn sufficiency self-centred."¹⁵ "Take all the opportunities of learning that offer themselves, however remote the matter may be from common life," etc.¹⁶ "Vain and idle discontent" is finely described as "*corroding*" the character.¹⁷ "Though effects are not always in our power, yet Providence always gives us something to do."¹⁸ There are sayings also which concentrate a mass of religious wisdom as brought to bear on the expectation or the reality of bereavement: "There is always this consolation, that we have our Protector, who can never be lost but by our own fault." "Let us resign her with confidence into the hands of him who knows, and who only knows, what is best both for her and for us;" "Turn your thoughts to

¹ Life, iv. 416.

² Ibid., iv. 124.

³ Ibid., iv. 416. Like Scott, he loved the "Dies Ira;" and could not repeat the stanza ending "Tantus labor non sit cassus" without bursting into tears (Anecdotes, p. 131).

⁴ On the tranquillizing effect of prayer see Letters, i. 382.

⁵ Life, i. 215.

⁶ Letters, i. 35.

⁷ Ibid., i. 353.

⁸ Ibid., i. 339.

⁹ Ibid., i. 217. The context of this weighty sentence is worth pondering.

¹⁰ Ibid., i. 337.

¹¹ Ibid., i. 401.

¹² Ibid., ii. 102.

¹³ Ibid., ii. 344.

¹⁴ Ibid., ii. 345.

¹⁵ Ibid., ii. 356.

¹⁶ Ibid., ii. 386.

¹⁷ Ibid., i. 208.

¹⁸ Ibid., i. 383.

him who gives and takes away, in whose presence the living and dead are standing together."¹ Other *consolatoria* in the same tone have already been quoted.

These are the golden words of a great teacher, whose infirmities of temperament, or old-world prejudices, or practical inconsistencies, can never impair his right to our love and honor; and those who by aid of these "Letters" have renewed their intimacy with the subject of the "Life," will probably, on their next visit to the royal Abbey church, turn aside with a sense of relief from some monuments, and some memories too little in accord with a great sanctuary of Christian worship, and stand with thankful reverence beside the large blue stone in the south transept, which covers the sacred dust of Samuel Johnson.

¹ Letters, I. 139, 212, 294.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ARMAND'S MISTAKE.

I.

UNTIL the age of twenty-one, Armand Ulrich submitted to the controlling influences around him,—somewhat gracelessly, be it admitted. He sat out his uncle's long dinners, and solaced himself by sketching on the cloth between the courses. He showed a discontented face at his mother's weekly receptions in a big Parisian hotel, and all the while his heart was out upon the country roads and among the pleasant fields, where the children played under poplars and dabbled on the brim of reedy streams. At twenty-one, however, he regarded himself as a free man, and threw up a situation worth £50,000 a year or thereabouts. From this we may infer that he was a lad full of bright hopes and fair dreams.

He was the only son of a Frenchwoman of noble birth and of the junior partner of a wealthy Alsatian banking-house. His taste for strolling and camping out of doors, sketch-book in hand and pipe in mouth, was partly an

inherited taste, with the difference that transmission had strengthened instead of having weakened the heritage. In earlier days Ulrich junior had not shown an undivided spirit of devotion to commercial interests; he had, on the contrary, permitted himself the treasonable luxury of gazing abroad upon many objects not connected with the business of the firm. Amateur theatricals had engaged his affections in youth; five-act tragedies, in alexandrines as long as the acts, had proved him fickle, and operatic music had sent him fairly distraught. He aspired to excel in all the arts, and as a fact was successful in none.

When congratulated upon his brother's versatility, Ulrich senior would contemptuously retort that the fellow was able to do everything except attend to his business. As a result, he was held in light esteem at the bank, and the meanest client would have regarded himself insulted if passed for consultation to this accomplished but incompetent representative of the firm. However agreeable his tastes may have rendered him in society, it cannot be denied that they were of a nature to diminish his commercial authority. Humanity wisely draws the line at a sonneteering banker, and looks upon the ill-assorted marriage of account and sketch-book with a natural distrust.

This state of things broke the banker's heart. He had a reverence for the firm of Ulrich Brothers, and if he considered himself specially gifted for anything, it was for the judicious management of its affairs. Thus he lived and died a misappreciated and misunderstood person. To him it was a grievous injustice that he should be treated as a man of no account, because of a few irregular and purely decorative accomplishments. His heart might be led astray, he argued, but his head was untampered with, and that, after all, is the sole organ essential to the matter of bonds and shares. A man may be a wise head of a family and an honest husband, and not for that unacquainted with lighter loves. Such trifles are but gossiping pauses in the serious commotions and preoccupations of life. But no amount of argument,

however logical, could blind him or others to the fact that commercially he was a dead failure, because a few ill-regulated impulses had occasionally led him into idle converse with two or three of the disreputable Nine; and mindful of this, he solemnly exhorted his son Armand to fix his thoughts upon the bank, and not let himself be led astray like his misguided father by illusive talents and disastrous tastes.

Armand Ulrich was a merry young fellow, who cared not a button for all the privileges of wealth, and looked upon an office stool with loathing. He only wanted the free air, his pencil, and a comfortable pipe of tobacco, — and there he was, as he described himself, the happiest animal in France. Before his easel he could be serious enough, but in his uncle's office he felt an irresistible inclination to burst into profane song, and make rash mention of such places of perdition as the Red Mill and the Shepherd Follies, — follies perfectly the reverse of pastoral. He was not in the least depraved, but he took his pleasure where he found it, and made the most of it. A handsome youngster, whom the traditional felt hat and velvet jacket of art became a trifle too well. At least he wore this raiment somewhat ostentatiously, and winked a conscious eye at the maids of earth. With such solid advantages as a bright, audacious glance, a winning smile, and a well-turned figure, he was not backward in his demands upon their admiration, and it must be confessed, that men in all times have proved destructive with less material.

But he was an amiable rogue, not consciously built for evil, and he cheated the women not a whit more than they cheated him. He knew he was playing a game, and was fair enough to remember that there is honor among thieves. For the rest, he was fond of every sort of wayside stoppages, paid his bill ungrudgingly, in whatever coin demanded, like a gentleman, and clinked glasses cordially with artists, strollers, and such like vagabonds. The frock-coated individual alone inspired him with repugnance, and he held the trammels of

respectability in horror. Whether nature or his art were responsible for a certain loose and merry generosity of spirit, I cannot say; but I am of opinion that, had his mind run to bank-books instead of paints, though his work might be of indifferent quality, he might have proved himself of sounder and more sordid disposition.

Even the brightest nature finds a shadow somewhere upon the shine, and the shade that dimmed the sun for Armand was his mother's want of faith in his artistic capacities. He loved his mother fondly, and took refuge from her wounding scepticism in his conviction that women, by nature and training, are unfitted to comprehend or pronounce upon the niceties of art. They may be perfect in all things else, but they have not the artistic sense, and cannot descry true talent until they have been taught to do so. It has ever been the destiny of great men to be undervalued upon the domestic hearth, and 'tis a wise law of nature to keep them evenly balanced, and set a limit to their inclination to assume airs. Thinking thus, he shook off the chill of unappreciated talent, and warmed himself back into the pleasant confidence that was the lad's best baggage upon the road of life. For a moment an upbraiding word, a cold comment upon dear lips, might check his enthusiasm and cloud his mirthful glance, but a whistled bar of song, a smart stroke of pencil or brush, a glimpse of his becoming velvet jacket in a mirror, were enough to send hope blithely through his veins, and speed him carolling on the way to fame.

It chanced one morning that he was interrupted at his easel by a letter from that domestic unbeliever who cast the sole blot upon his artist's sunshine. There was a certain haziness in Armand's relations with art. He worked briskly enough at intervals, but he was naturally an idler. The attitude he preferred was that of uneager waiter upon inspiration, and he had a notion that the longer he waited, provided the intervals of rest were comfortably subject to distraction, the better the inspiration was likely to be. He had neither

philosophy nor moral qualifications to fit him for the jog-trot of daily work. So that no interruption ever put him out, and no intruder ever found him other than unaffectedly glad to be intruded upon. Such a youth would of course attack his letters in the same spirit of hearty welcome as he fell upon his friends.

But as he sat and read, his bright face clouded, and his lips screwed and twisted themselves into a variety of grimaces. He had a thousand gestures and expressions at the service of his flying moods, and before he had come to the end of his mother's letter, not one but had been summoned upon duty. The letter ran thus :—

"MY DEAR SON, — It will, I hope, inspire you with a little common sense to learn that your cousin Bernard Francillon has just arrived from Vienna to take your place at the bank. I have had a long interview with your uncle, who makes no secret of his intentions, should you persist in wasting your youth and prospects in this extravagant fashion. And I cannot blame him, for his indulgence and patience have much exceeded my expectations. This absurd caprice of yours has lasted too long. You are no longer a boy, Armand, but a young man of twenty-three, and you have no right to behave like a silly child, who aspires to fly, instead of contentedly riding along in the solid family coach provided for him. If I had any confidence in your talent I might, as you do, build my hopes upon your future fame, and console myself for present disappointment in the faith that your sacrifice is not in vain. But even a mother cannot be so foolish as to believe that her son is going to turn out a Raphael because he has donned a velvet coat and bought a box of paints. Some natural talent and cultivation will help any young man to become a fair amateur, perhaps even a tenth-rate artist ; but for such it is hardly worth while to wreck all worldly prospects. Take your father as an example. He did all things fairly well ; he drew, painted, sang, composed, and wrote. What was the

end of it? Failure all round. He had not the esteem of his commercial colleagues, while the artists, in whose society he delighted, indulged his tastes as those of an accomplished banker whose patronage might be useful to them. While he was wrecked upon versatility, you intend to throw away your life upon a single illusion. Whose will be the gain?

Your whim has lasted two years, and you cannot be blind to the little you have done in that time. You have not had any success to justify further perseverance. Then take your courage in both hands ; assure yourself that it is wiser to be a good man of business than a bad artist ; lock up your studio and come back to your proper place. If you do so at once, Bernard will have less chance of walking in your shoes. He is much too often at Marly, and seems to admire Marguerite ; but I do not think a girl like Marguerite could possibly care for such a perfumed fop.

When you feel the itch for vagabondage and sketch-book, you can be off into the country, and it need never be known that your holidays are passed in any but the most correct fashion. As for your uncle, he will not endure paint-boxes or pencils about him. He is still bitter upon the remembrance of your father's sins in office hours. I am told he used to draw caricatures on the blotting-pads, and write verses on the fly-leaves of the account-books. He was much too frivolous for a banker, and I fear you have inherited his light and unbusiness-like manners. But be reasonable now, and come at once to your affectionate mother,

SOPHIE ULRICH."

Poor Armand ! The mention of Raphael in connection with the velvet coat and paint-box was a sore wound. It whipped the susceptible blood into his cheeks, for though sweet-tempered, a sneer was what he could not equably endure. Surely his mother might have found a tenderer way to say unpleasant things, if the performance of this duty can ever be necessary ! And bitter to him was the assumption that his choice

was a caprice without future or justification. Having swallowed his pill with a wry face, he was still in the middle of a subsequent fit of indigestion, when the door opened, and a young man in a linen blouse cried gaily: "It's a case of the early bird on his matutinal round."

"Come in, since the worm is fool enough to be abroad. You may make a meal of him, my friend, and welcome, but a poor one, for he's at this moment the sorriest worm alive."

The young man shot into the room, inelegantly performed a step of the Red Mill to a couple of bars of unmelodious song of a like diabolical suggestion, and seated himself on the arm of a chair, twisting both legs over and around the other arm and back. In this grotesque attitude, he languidly surveyed his friend, and said sentimentally: "I have had a letter from her this morning. She relents, my friend, in long and flowery phrases, with much eloquence spent upon the harshness of destiny and the cruelty of parents. Where would happy lovers be, Armand, if there were no destiny to rail against and no parents to arrange unhappy marriages?"

"Nowhere, I suppose. Doubtless the parents have the interests of the future lover in view when they choose the unsympathetic husband, and everything is for the best. I congratulate you. For the moment, I am empty-handed, and filled with a sense of the meanness of all things; so I am in a position to give you my undivided attention," said Armand dejectedly.

"What's this? I come to you, to pour the history of my woes and joys into a sympathetic bosom, and if you had just buried all your near relatives you could not look more dismal."

"I should probably feel less dismal, had I done so. But it is a serious matter when your art is scoffed at, and you are told that you imagine yourself a Raphael because you wear a velvet coat and handle a brush."

"*En effet*, that is a much more serious matter," Maurice admitted, and at once assumed an appropriate air of concern.

Armand glanced ruefully at his coat-sleeve, and began to take off the garment of obloquy very deliberately.

"Spare thyself, my poor Armand, even if others spare thee not. Knowest thou not that the coat is more than half the man? A palette and a velvet coat have ever been wedded, and why this needless divorce?"

"I will get a blouse like yours, Maurice, and wear it," said Armand, with an air of gloomy resignation befitting the occasion.

"And who has reduced you to these moral straits, and to what deity is the coat a holocaust?"

For answer Armand held out his mother's letter, which the young man took, and read attentively, with an expression of lugubrious gravity. He lifted a solemn glance upon Armand, and shook his head like a sage.

"Your mother is not a flattering correspondent, I admit. It is clear, she expected you to justify your immoral choice by an extraordinary start. She does not define her expectations. 'Tis a way with women. But I take it for granted that she esteemed it your duty to cut out Meissonnier, or by a judicious combination of Puvis de Chavannes and Carolus Duran, show yourself in colors of a capsizing originality, and finally go to wreck upon a tempest of your own making. For there is nothing in life more unreasonable than a mother. But go to her to-morrow, and tell her you have doffed the obnoxious coat, and intend to live and die in the workman's modest blouse."

"I am not going," Armand protested sullenly. "I have made my choice, and I can't be badgered and worried any more about it."

As behoves a poor devil living from hand to mouth upon the problematical sale of his pictures, Maurice Brodeau had a tremendous respect for all that wealth implies, and like the rest of the world, regarded Armand's renunciation of it as a transient caprice that by this time ought to be on the wing. He expressed himself with a good deal of sound sense, and thereby evoked a burst of wrathful indignation.

"Money! Money! Ah, how I hate the word, hate still more the look of the thing! I have watched them at the bank shovelling gold, solid gold pieces till my heart went sick. Where's the good of it? It fills the prisons, takes all life and brightness out of humanity, builds us iron safes, and turns us into sordid-minded knaves. Where's the crime that can't be traced to its want? and where's the single ounce of happiness it brings? We are dull with it, envious without it, and yet it is only the uncorrupted poor who really enjoy themselves and who are really generous. The rich man counts where the poor man spends, and which of the two is the wiser? In God's name, let us knock down the brazen idol, and proclaim, without fear of being laughed at, that there are worthier and pleasanter objects in life, and that it is better to watch the fair aspects of earth than to jostle and strive with each other in its mean pursuit. My very name is distasteful to me, because it represents money. It is a password across the entire world, at which all men bow respectfully. And yet, I vow, I would sooner wander through the squalor and wretchedness of Saint-Ouen, any day, than find myself in the neighborhood of the Rue de Grenelle. There may be other houses in that long street, but for me it simply means the bank. So I feel upon sight of my mother's hotel. Her idle and overfed servants irritate me. Everything about her brings the air of the bank about my nostrils, and I only escape it here, where, thank God, I have not got a single expensive object. I smoke cheap cigarettes, which my poorest friends can buy. I drink beer, and sit on common chairs. Well, these are my luxuries, and I take pride in the fact that there is very little gold about me. I can sign a cheque for a friend in need, whenever he asks me, and that's all the pleasure I care to extract from the legacy of my name. For the rest, I would forget that I have sixpence more than is necessary for independence."

A youth of such moral perversity was not to be driven down the cotton-spin-
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ner's path, you see, and Maurice, with the tact and discretion of his race, forbore further argument, and contented himself with a silent shrug.

But Madame Ulrich was not so discreet. She was a woman of determination, moreover, and knew something of her son's temperament. If in her strife with what Armand gloriously called his mistress she had been worsted, as was shown by the boy's sulky silence, she could enlist in her service a weapon of whose terrible power she had no doubt. A man may sulk in the presence of his mother, but unless he has betaken himself to the woods in the mood of a Timon, he cannot sulk in the presence of a beautiful young woman, who comes to him upon sweet cousinly intent.

At least Armand could not, and he had too much sense to make an effort to do so. On the whole, he was rather proud of his weakness as an inflammable and soft-hearted youth. He saw the fair vision, behind his mother's larger proportions, for the first time in his studio, and made a capitulating grimace for the benefit of his friend, who was staring at the biggest heiress of Europe with all his might, amazed to find her such a simple-looking and inexpensively arrayed young creature. Maurice had perhaps an indistinct notion that the daughters of millionaires traversed life somewhat overweighted by the magnificence of their dress, bonneted as no ordinary girl could be, and habited accordingly.

"One sees thousands of women dressed like her," he thought to himself, after a quick, appraising glance at her gown and hat. "A hundred francs, I believe, would cover the cost. But there is this about a lady," he added, as an after reflection, while his eyes eagerly followed her movements and gestures, the flow of her garments and the lines of her neck and back: "simplicity is her crown. There is no use for the other sort to try it; they can't succeed, and we know them. If Armand does not follow that girl to bank or battle, he's an unmannerly ass."

It was not in Armand to meet unsmilingly the arch glance of a smiling girl,

even if there were not beauty in her to prick his senses and hold him thrilled. Forgetful of the unwelcome fact that she was worth more than her weight in solid gold, he melted at the sound of her voice, and his foolish heart went out to her upon the touch of her gloved fingers. Not as a lover certainly, for was she not the desired of all unmarried Europe? There was not a titled or monied bride-hunter upon the face of the civilized world with whom he had not heard her name coupled, while he was ignorant of the fact that the great man, her father, had destined him to complete her, until he bolted in pursuit of fortune on his own account.

It flattered him to see that she had captivated his friend, too, not contemptuous of the prospect of exciting a little envy in the breast of that individual; and he shot him a look of radiant gratitude when he saw him bent upon engaging the attention of Madame Ulrich, who was nothing loth to be so caught. She smiled sadly, as Maurice chattered on in high praise of her son's genius, and quoted the opinion of their common master in evidence of his own discernment. From time to time she cast a hopeful eye upon the cousins, and mentally thanked Marguerite for her delicate tact and rare wisdom.

Not a word of comment or surprise upon the bareness of the studio or the shabbiness of the single-cushioned chair upon which she sat; no allusion to his sacrifice, or wonder at it. The charming girl seemed to take it for granted that a lad of talent should find the atmosphere of commerce irksome, and gallantly admitted that such a choice would have been hers, had she been born a boy. To wander about the world with a knapsack, and eat in dear little cheap inns with rough peasants; to wear a silk kerchief and no collar, and have plenty of pockets filled with cord and penknives, and matches, and tobacco, and pencils, and pocket-books; to sleep under the stars, and bear a wetting bravely,—this is the sort of thing she vowed she would have enjoyed, did petticoats and sex and other contraries not form an impediment.

Such pretty babble might not be intended to play into her elders' hands, Madame Ulrich perhaps thought, but it was very wise play for that susceptible organ, a young man's heart, whether conscious or not. And that once gained, one need never despair of the reversal of all his idols for love.

When they left the studio, Armand stood looking after them, with his hands in his pockets, under his linen blouse, plunged in profound meditation, the nature of which he revealed soon to his friend.

"And to think there goes the biggest prey male rascal ever sighed for, Maurice. What title do you imagine will buy her? Prince or duke, for marquis is surely below the mark. Think of it, my friend. There is hardly a wish of hers that money cannot gratify, unless it be a throne or a cottage. And the throne itself is easier come by for such as she than the cottage. What an existence! What a dismal future! What lassitude! What hunger, by and by, for dry bread and cheese and common pewter! A more nauseous destiny must it be, that of the richest woman in the world than even that of the richest man. At least a man can smoke a clay pipe, and take to drink, or the road to the devil in any other way. But what is there left a woman whose wedding trousseau will contain pocket-handkerchiefs that cost a hundred pounds apiece? My aunt Mrs. Francillon's handkerchiefs cost that. Mighty powers! what an awful way these charming and futile young creatures are brought up! And you see for yourself, this girl is no mere fashionable fool. She, too, would have sacrificed the title and the handkerchiefs, if it were not for the restrictions with which she has been hedged from birth. Let us bless our stars, Maurice, that we were not born girls, and equally bless our stars that girls are born for us."

II.

MADAME ULRICH and her niece came again to the studio. They came very often. Armand began by counting the days between their visits, and ended in

such a state of lyrical madness that Romeo was sobriety itself alongside of him. In anticipation of the sequel, Maurice supported the trial of his morning, midday, and evening confidences with a patience deserving the envy of angels. And not a thought of commiseration had the raving young madman for him, and only sometimes remembered, at the top of his laudatory bent, to break off with courteous regret for the unoccupied state of his friend's heart.

"I wish to God you were married to her," said Maurice one day, and Armand naturally trusted the prayer would be heard at no distant period.

It was the hour of Marguerite's visit. To see the charming girl seated in the shabby armchair he had bought at a sale in the *Hôtel Drouot*, so perfectly at home, and so naively pleased with little inexpensive surprises, such as a bunch of flowers in a common jar, an improvised tea made over their daily spirit-lamp, much the worse for constant use; to see her so vividly interested in the every-day life of a couple of Bohemians, the cost of their marketings, their bargains, and the varieties of their meals, their cheap amusements, unspoiled by dress-suit or crush hat, and eager over that chapter of their distractions that may safely be recounted to a well-bred maiden. Armand had never known any pleasure in his life so full of freshness and untainted delight. Bitterly then did he regret that there should be episodes upon which a veil must be dropped. These, I suppose, are regrets common to most honest young fellows for the first time in love. He would have liked to be able to tell her everything, not even omitting his sins, as she sat there, and listened to him with an air so divinely confiding and credulous. He had a wild notion that he might be purified from past follies, and not a few dark scenes he dared not remember in her presence, if he might kneel and drop his humbled head in her lap, and feel the touch of her white hands as a benediction and an absolution upon his forehead. He was full of all sorts of romantic and sentimental ideas about

her, little dreaming that the clock of fate was so close upon the midnight chimes of hope, and that the curtain was so soon to drop upon this pleasant pastoral played to city sounds.

One day his mother came alone. One glance took in the blank disappointment of his expression and all its meaning. She scrutinized him sharply, and found the ground well prepared for the words of wisdom she had come to sow. She spoke of Marguerite, and the troubled youth drank in the sound of her voice with avidity. Did he love his cousin? How could he tell? He knew nothing but that he lived upon her presence; that the thought of her filled the studio in her absence; that he dwelt incessantly upon the memory of her words and looks and gestures. This he supposed was love, only he wished the word were fresher. It was applied to the feeling inspired by ordinary girls, whereas she was above humanity, and he was quite ready to die for one kiss of her lips.

When the blank verse subsided, Madame Ulrich bespoke the commonplace adventure of marriage, and made mention of two serious rivals, an English marquis and his cousin, Bernard Francillon. The mention of the marquis he endured, and sighed; but his cousin's name stung his blood like a venomous bite, he could not tell why. His brain was on fire, and he sat with his head in his hands in great perplexity.

It was the hour of solemn choice; the renunciation of his liberty and pleasant vagabondage, or the hugging in private forevermore of a sweet dream that would make a symphonious accompaniment to his march upon the road of life. Could the flavor of his love survive the vulgarity of wealth, of newspaper paragraphs, of wedding presents, insincere congratulations, a honeymoon enjoyed under the stare of the gazing multitude, the dust of social receptions, dinners, and all the ugly routine he had flown from? On the other hand, could he ask a daintily reared girl, like his cousin, to tramp the country roads and fields with him, to wander comfortless from wayside inn to hamlet, and back to an ill-

furnished studio, at the mercy of the seasons and with no other luxuries than kisses, which for him, he imagined, would ever hold the rapture and forgetfulness of the first one? The choice meant the clipping of his own wings and perhaps moral death, for her ultimate misery, or the tempered loveliness of a dream preserved and substantial bliss rejected.

He could not make up his mind that day, and sent his mother away without an answer. Maurice Brodeau was not informed of his dilemma. It was matter too delicate in this stage for discussion. But the night brought him no nearer to decision, and standing before his easel, making believe to be engaged upon a sketch he had lately taken at Fontainebleau, he held serious debate within himself whether he ought to consult his friend or not.

In his studio up-stairs, Maurice was loitering near the window in an idle mood, and saw a quiet brougham stop in front of their house in the Avenue Victor Hugo. He watched the slow descent of an old man dressed in a shabby frock-coat, untidily cravated, who leaned heavily upon a thick-headed cane. The old gentleman surveyed the green gate on which were nailed the visiting-cards of the two artists, and jerked up a sharp, pugnacious chin.

"Our ancient uncle, the respectable and mighty banker, of a surety," laughed Maurice, on fire for the explanation of the riddle.

The head of the firm of Ulrich pushed open the gate, sniffed the air of the damp courtyard, and solemnly mounted the wooden stairs, making a kind of judicial thud with his heavy stick.

"The jackanapes!" he muttered, for the benefit of a tame cat. "It is a miracle how these young fools escape typhoid fever, living in such places."

Maurice cautiously peeped over the banisters, and saw the old gentleman turn the handle of Armand's door without troubling to knock. "Good Lord," thought the watcher, "it is fortunate friend Armand has broken with that little devil Yvette, or the old bear might have had the chance of putting a fine

spoke in his wheel with cousin Marguerite."

Armand in his linen blouse was standing in front of his easel, with his back to the door. He was certainly working, but his mind was not so fixed upon his labor but that he had more than an odd thought for his cousin. Pretty phrases, gestures, and expressions of hers kept running through his thoughts, as an under melody sometimes runs through a piece of music, unaggressively but soothingly claiming the ear. They brought her presence about him, to cheer him in the midst of his solemn preoccupations upon their mutual destiny. While his reason said no, and he regarded himself as a fine fellow for listening to reason at such a moment, her lips curved and smiled and bent to his in imagination's first spontaneous kiss. And then he told himself pretty emphatically that he was growing too sentimental, and that it behoves a man to take his pleasure and his pains heartily and bravely, and not go abroad whimpering for the moon. Just when he had made up his mind to shoulder his moral baggage and, whistling merrily, face the solitary roads, he was made to jump and fall back into perplexity by a crusty, well-known voice.

"Well, young man! So this is where you waste your time."

Armand swung round in great alarm, and reddened painfully.

"You look astounded, and no wonder.

"Tis an honor I don't often pay young idiots like you. Ouf, man! Look at his dirty jacket. Your father was a rock of sense in comparison. At least, he did not get himself up like a baker's boy, and go roystering in company with a band of worthless rascals."

"I presume, uncle, you have come here for something else besides the pleasure of abusing my father to me."

"There he is now, off in a rage. Can't you keep cool for five minutes, you hot-headed young knave? What concern is it of mine if you choose to die in the workhouse? But there's your mother. It frets her, and I esteem your mother, young sir."

Armand lifted his brows discontent-

edly. He held his tongue, for there was nothing to be said, as he had long ago beaten the weary ground of protest and explanation.

"The rascal says nothing, thinks himself a great fellow, I've no doubt. The Almighty made nothing more contrary and mischievous than boys. They have you by the ears when you want to sit comfortably by your fireside. Finds he's got a heart too, I hear. Mayhap that will sober him, though I'm doubtful."

Armand stared, and changed color like a girl. He eyed his uncle apprehensively and began to fiddle with his brushes. "I—I don't understand you, sir," he said tentatively.

"Yes, you do, but you think it well to play discretion with me. I'm the girl's father, and there's no knowing how I may take it, eh, you young villain?"

The old man pulled his nephew's ear, and laughed in a low, chuckling way peculiar to crusty old gentlemen.

"Has my mother spoken to you about—about——"

"Suppose she hasn't, eh? What then?"

"I am completely in the dark," Armand gasped. "How could you guess such a thing, uncle?"

"Suppose I haven't guessed it either, eh? What then?"

Armand's look was clearly an interrogation, almost a prayer. He blinked his lids at the vivid flash of conjecture, and shook his head dejectedly against it. "You can't mean—no, it cannot be that——"

The old man waggled a very sagacious head.

"Marguerite!" shouted the astounded youth, and there was a feeling of suffocation about his throat.

"Suppose one foolish young person liked to believe she had a partner in her folly, eh, young man? What then?"

"My cousin, too!"

"And if it were so, eh? What then?"

"Good God! uncle, why do you come and tell me this?" The dazed lad be-

gan to walk about distractedly, and was not quite sure that it was not the room that was walking about instead of his own legs.

"I think we may burn the sticks and daubs and brushes now, eh, young man?" laughed the old man, waggling his stick instead of his head in the direction of Armand's easel, and giving a contented vent to his peculiar chuckle. "Burn the baker's blouse, and dress yourself like a Christian. When you are used to the novelty of a coat and a decent dinner you may come down to Marly and see that giddy-pated girl of mine. But a week of steady work at the bank first, and mind, no paint-boxes or dirty daubers about the place. If I catch sight of any long-haired fellow smelling of paint I'll call the police."

Armand gazed regretfully round his little studio. He picked out each familiar object with a sudden sense of separation and a wish to bear them ever with him in that long farewell glance. But the sadness was a pleasant sadness, for was not happy love the beacon that lured him forth, and when the heart is young what lamp shines so radiantly and invites so winningly? Still, it was a sacrifice, though beyond lay the prospect of a lover's meeting, in which the thought of stuff so common as gold would lie buried in the first pressure of a girl's lips.

"You are not decided, I dare say?" sneered his uncle.

Armand met his eyes unflinchingly, and held out his hand. "A man who is worth the name can't regret love and happiness. For Marguerite's sake I will do my best in the new life you offer, and I thank you, uncle, for the gift."

"That young fop from Vienna will feel mighty crest-fallen," was the reflection of the head of the Ulrich Bank, as he hobbled down-stairs. He disliked the elegant Bernard, and was himself glad to have back his favorite nephew, though the means he had employed to secure that result might not be of unimpeachable honesty.

The banker's departure was the signal for Maurice on the lookout up-

stairs. He bounded down the stairs, three steps at a time, and shot in upon the meditative youth. Armand glanced up, and smiled luminously. "The besieged has capitulated, Maurice."

"So I should think. For some time back you have worn the air of a man on the road to bondage."

Brodeau had never for an instant doubted that this would be the end of it. He mildly approved the conventional conclusion, though not without private regrets of his own.

"A girl's eyes have done it," sighed Armand sentimentally.

"Of course, of course, the old temptation. But she would have inveigled Anthony out of his hermitage. A sorry time you'll have of it, I foresee, though I honestly congratulate you. It is a thing we must come to sooner or later, and the escapades of youth have their natural end, like all things else. Only lovers believe in eternity, until they have realized the fragility of love itself. It was absurd to imagine you could go on flouting fortune forever, and living in a shanty like this, with a palace ready for you on the other side of the river. But there is consolation for me in the thought that you will give me a big order in commemoration of your marriage, eh, old man?"

When it came to parting the young men wrung hands with a sense of more than ordinary separation. For two years had they shared fair and foul weather, and camped together out of doors and under this shabby roof, upon which one was now about to turn his back. The days of merry vagabondage were at an end for Armand, and his face was now towards civilization and respectable responsibilities. He might revisit this scene of pleasant Bohemia, and find things unchanged, but the old spirit would not be with him, and the zest of old enjoyments would be his no more.

"Many a merry tramp we've had together, Armand," said Maurice, and he felt an odd sensation about his throat while his eyelids pricked queerly. "We've got drunk together on devilish bad wine, and pledged ourselves eter-

nally to many a worthless jade. We've smoked a pipe we neither of us shall forget, and walked beneath the midnight stars in many a curious place. And now we part, you for gilded halls and wedding chimes, I to seek a new comrade, and make a fresh start across the beaten track of Bohemia."

Maurice crammed his knuckles furiously into his eyes. His eloquence had mounted to his head, and flung him impetuously into his friend's arms, with tears streaming down his cheeks. "You'll come back again, won't you, Armand?"

"Come back? Yes," Armand replied sadly; "but I shall feel something like Marius among the ruins of Carthage."

"I'll keep your velvet jacket, and when you are tired of grandeur and lords and dukes, you can drop in here and put it on, and smoke a comfortable pipe in your old armchair."

Maurice went straightway to the nearest café, and spent a dismal evening, consuming bock after bock, until he felt sufficiently stupefied to face his solitary studio, where he shed furtive tears in contemplation of all his friend's property made over to him as an artist's legacy.

Though brimming over with happiness and excitement, Armand himself was not quite free of regret for the relinquished velvet jacket and brushes and boxes, as he made his farewell to wandering by a journey on the top of an omnibus from the Etoile to the Rue de Grenelle, and solaced himself with a cheap cigarette.

For one long week did he work dutifully at the bank, inspected books with his uncle, and repressed an inclination to yawn over the dreary discussion of shares and bonds and funds, of vast European projects and policies in jeopardy, and he felt the while a smart of homesickness for the little studio in the Avenue Victor Hugo. In the evening he dined with his mother, and found consolation for the irksomeness of etiquette in the excellence of the fare. He thought of Marguerite incessantly, and spoke of her whenever he could,

but he did not forget Maurice or the cooking-stove, on which their dinners in the olden days had so often come to grief. He might sip Burgundy now, yet he relished not the less the memory of the big draughts of beer which he and Maurice had found so delicious.

III.

BUT all these pinings and idle regrets were silenced, and gave place to rapturous content the first afternoon on which he walked up the long avenue of his uncle's country-house at Marly. The week of trial was at an end, and he was now to claim his reward from dear lips. Everything under the sun seemed to him perfect, and even banks had their own charm, discernible to the happy eye. There was a beauty in gold he had hitherto failed to perceive, and crusty old gentlemen were the appropriate guardians of lovely nymphs. In such a mood, there is melody in all things, and warmth lies even in frosted starlight. Nothing but the sweetness of life is felt; its turbidness and accidents, its disappointments, pains, and stumbles, lie peacefully forgotten in the well of memory; and we wish somebody could have told us in some past trouble that the future contained for us a moment so good as this.

"Mademoiselle is in the garden," a servant informed him, and led the way through halls and *salons*, down steps running from the long window into a shaded green paradise. And then he heard a fresh voice that he seemed not to have heard for so long, and on hearing it only was his heart made aware how much he had missed it during the past age of privation.

"Ah, my cousin Armand!"

There was a young man dawdling at her feet in an attitude that sent the red blood to Armand's forehead. This was Bernard Francillon, his other and less sympathetic cousin. The young man jumped up, and measured him in a stare of insolent interrogation, and Marguerite, with a look of divine self-consciousness and a lovely blush, said, very softly: "So Armand, you have let yourself be tamed, and you have actually

forsaken your delightful den. I hear How could you, my cousin? The cooking-stove, the fishing-rod, the easel, blouse, and velvet jacket,—all abandoned for the less interesting resources of our every-day existence!"

Her eyes and voice were full of arch protest, and her smile went to the troubled lad's head, more captivating than wine. "It was for your sake, Marguerite," he answered timidly, in tones dropped to an unquiet murmur.

"Permit me, cousin, to retire for the moment," said Bernard, turning his back deliberately upon his disconcerted relative.

What was it in their exchanged looks, in their clasped hands, in Bernard's unconscious air of fond proprietorship, in Marguerite's half droop towards him of shy surrender, that carried to Armand the conviction of fatal error? He watched his rival departing, and turned a blank face upon the radiant girl whose delicious smile had all the eloquence and trouble of maiden's relinquished freedom. She met his white, empty gaze with a glance more full and frank than the one she had just lifted so tenderly to Bernard Francillon. "I don't understand you, Armand. Why for my sake?"

"It was your father's error. He thought you loved me, and I, heaven help me! till now I thought so too," he breathed, in a despairing undertone, not able to remove his eyes from her surprised and delicately concerned face.

"Poor Armand! I am very sorry," was all she said, but the way in which she held her hand out to him was a mute admission of his miserable error. He lifted the little hand to his lips, and turned from her in silence.

The sun that had shone so brightly a moment ago was blotted from the earth, and the music of the birds was harsh discordance, as he wandered among the evening shadows of the woods. All things jarred upon his nerves, until night dropped a veil upon the horrible nakedness of his sorrow. He felt he wore it upon his face for all eyes to see, and he thanked the darkness, as it sped over the starry heavens. Beyond the

beautiful valley, where the river flowed, the spires and domes and bridges of Paris showed through the reddish glimmer of sunset as through a dusty light. Soon there would be noise and laughter upon the crowded boulevards, and a flow of carriages making for the theatres through the flaunting gas-flames; and happy lovers in defiant file would be driving towards the Bois. How often had he and Maurice watched them on foot, as they smoked their evening cigarette, and sighed or laughed as might be their mood. Would he ever have the heart to laugh at lovers again, or laugh at anything, he wondered drearily! And there was no one here to remind him that sorrow, like joy, is evanescent, and that all wounds are cured. *Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*, — even pain and broken hearts.

Here silence was almost palpable to the touch, like the darkness of nature dropping into sleep. He turned his back upon Paris, and faced the dim country.

HANNAH LYNCH.

From The Edinburgh Review.
IRISH SPIES AND INFORMERS.¹

THE ranks of Irish treason have never been wanting in traitors to the sacred cause of disaffection. The evidence of that most loyal of transatlantic Fenians known to fame as Major le Caron, and his bold and unblushing revelations of the secrets of the conspirators in two hemispheres before the Parnell Commission in 1889, are still fresh in the public memory. The more commonplace career of the chief informer of 1867, who owned or adopted the singularly incongruous name of Corydon, was familiar to readers of Irish newspapers for some time after the Fenian rising in Dublin about five-and-twenty years ago; and although, in 1881, the government of the day, trusting, perhaps, overmuch to "messages of peace,"

¹ 1. Secret Service under Pitt. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. 8vo. London: 1892.

2. The Sham Squire, and the Informers of 1798. By William J. Fitzpatrick. Third edition, completely recast, with new matter. 8vo. Dublin: 1896.

were so imperfectly informed that the murderers of Mr. Burke and Lord Edward Cavendish remained for some time undenounced, if not unsuspected, yet, as soon as it was known that information was really wanted, and would be loyally paid for, the informer was at hand, and the hidden assassins were duly arrested, convicted, and executed. Even among the purer patriots of 1848 there was no lack either of information or of informers. Some of the seemingly staunchest hearts in Smith O'Brien's movement of '48, says Mr. Fitzpatrick, were false to their chief and colleagues, and when the crisis came, suggested to the police magistrates that, in order to preserve consistency and keep up the delusion, they ought to be arrested and imprisoned!²

But at no time did the spy and the informer flourish in greater and more abundant luxuriance than in the good old days before the Union, when Ireland enjoyed her own Legislature in Dublin, and a well-worn path led from the Parliament House in College Green to the Treasury in Lower Castle Yard. From the constitution of an independent Legislative Assembly in 1782 to the Union, eighteen years later, Ireland was distracted by disaffection in every form, was actually visited with rebellion, ill-organized and hurriedly undertaken, and was hardly saved from the horrors of civil war by the faithlessness, the corruption, and the shameless treachery of the sworn leaders of the revolt. Of these disgraceful days, and of the strange and secret personages who lived and moved in Ireland, and more especially in Dublin, at that time, Mr. Fitzpatrick has given us a most original and interesting account; and his work,

² The Sham Squire, p. 327. See also a very curious letter in the *Dublin Irish Times* of March 25, 1892, where it is stated, upon apparently good authority, that "every meeting of 'Young Ireland' was known in the Castle half an hour after their secret plans were arranged." "I was enabled," says the writer—an eye-witness—"to warn my friends that every step they took was revealed at once to the Castle. I informed J. B. D., and a not less true and trusted patriot, J. P., son of the C. B., and they laughed, and said it was 'impossible.' Yet they, like so many in the days of Pitt, were deceived."

though wanting in form and arrangement, and professing to be rather a collection of notes and studies than a consecutive narrative, will be found of the utmost value to all future historians who desire to present in their true colors the ways and works of the leading actors in the strange events in Ireland before the Union.

The present day is a day of specialists, and Mr. Fitzpatrick is a specialist in spies, the greatest living authority on the secret history of the rebels and informers who flourished in the last decade of the eighteenth century. "The Sham Squire," an account of the life and operations of Francis Higgins and many of his contemporaries, was published by Mr. Fitzpatrick nearly thirty years ago, and the greater part of the information collected in that very interesting little book is republished in the larger and more important work that now lies before us. But the title of his last volume is by no means as happy as that of his first. "Secret Service" is no doubt a phrase of doubtful signification, but it scarcely describes the venal and impudent treachery of Turner and McNally. And although the introduction of the name of Pitt as the employer or accomplice of Higgins and Magan may please those who denounce the "baseness and blackguardism" of his Irish policy, the great minister was no more concerned with the secret history of the spies employed by the authorities at Dublin Castle than with that of the gentleman who blacked the ministerial shoes in Downing Street, or drank the ministerial port wine at Putney. "Irish Spies and Informers" are the subject of Mr. Fitzpatrick's book, as we purpose that they shall be the subject of the present article.

Rebellion in Ireland has commonly been frustrated by rebels, and in the most secret councils of the most select committees the spy or the informer has ever occupied a trusted seat. Most uncompromising of all patriots in his patriotism, most suspicious of the hidden enemy, most terrible in his denunciation of doubtful friends, he tasted at once the sweets of office and the joys of

conspiracy; and as he pocketed the salary so easily earned, and performed at his own good pleasure the congenial duties of his irresponsible office, he could chuckle at once over the completeness with which he had betrayed his friends, and the incompleteness with which his good nature, his self-interest, or his mere love of artistic duplicity might have led him to serve his employers. But under all circumstances he took care that he was well paid. He did not, at least, sell his country for nought. The recorded emoluments of these Irish informers were enormous. As to their indirect profits it would be idle to speculate. One Reynolds, a spy of very secondary importance, received on March 4, 1799, a sum of 5,000*l.* from the Secret Service money, and was further gratified with a secret pension of some hundreds a year. He afterwards obtained the office of British postmaster at Lisbon, the emoluments of which amounted during his four years of service to nearly 6,000*l.* He was subsequently appointed to more than one well-paid consulship, and at length, retiring in middle life from the public service of his country, he chose Paris as his final place of abode, and enjoyed his well-earned pension to the day of his death, having drawn from the exchequer of a hated government not less in all than 45,000*l.* Armstrong is said to have received close on 30,000*l.* for his truly valuable information, and Magan, who took up the business as a needy barrister, left over 14,000*l.* to his sister. Higgins, who was not even an informer at first hand, but a species of information agent or spy keeper, began life as a pauper and a "sham squire," and after many years of free and easy living in Dublin, maintaining a reputation for that liberal hospitality so necessary to his success in his profession, died worth no less than 40,000*l.* Very few were the real squires, or peers of Ireland for the matter of that, who left so considerable a sum of money behind them in the early days of the present century.

Of all the delusions that possess the mind of the average Englishman as re-

gards Ireland and the Irish, and the delusions are many and great, none is more universal, and none is more false, than that the Irishman is careless or indifferent to money. The ordinary Irishman may not be thrifty, but he is acquisitive; he may not be economical, but he is parsimonious; he may be unwilling to do business, but he is equally unwilling to spend money; he may not be fond of comfort, but he is inordinately fond of cash. Thus we find that the spies and informers of all grades and denominations, of whom Mr. Fitzpatrick writes, took good care that their valuable services should be obtained only for valuable consideration; and after spending the public money with a free hand in the¹ agreeable discharge of their public duties, they usually died, not as the moralist would describe, in poverty, obscurity, and remorse, but with a proud look and a high stomach, and a very satisfactory balance at their banker's. The rich men in Ireland are generally those who have nothing of their own. The man of property, as a rule, is poor. And in Dublin a hundred years ago it is at least certain that the men who lived the most luxuriously were those who lived on public plunder. For the *superior* classes, rich sinecures, flagrant jobs, "pensions on the Irish establishment;" for the middle-class informer, the Secret Service money; for the humbler servant of government, mere robbery. The grossest frauds prevailed in almost every department of State. The public stores were plundered with impunity in open day; the arms, ammunition, and military accoutrements condemned as useless were boldly taken out of one gate of the magazine and brought in at the other, and charged anew to the public account. Journeymen armorers who worked in the arsenal seldom went home to their meals without conveying away a musket, a sword, or brace of pistols, as lawful

perquisites sanctioned by the connivance of their superiors.² Clerks in subordinate departments, with salaries not exceeding 100*l.* a year, kept handsome houses in town and country, with splendid establishments; insolvent squires kept open house, and were lavish of their wine-merchant's claret; parsimonious curmudgeons accumulated large fortunes; rich usurers acquired old estates. There was a great deal of what was called pleasure; there was nothing that any one could call business, and the "poor devil," as at all times in Ireland, went to the wall. He was plundered by those who had nothing better to plunder, and he was then, as now, a pawn in the hands of superior players; food for political powder in the sordid strife of party warfare. Such was Irish society in the days when rebellion was at least a possibility. But for over ninety years that mitigated form of civil war that now goes by the name of Irish politics has rather been a contest of wits than a contest of arms, a great international game, in fact, in which, as in the modern game of poker, the boldest and most unscrupulous player commonly wins. Patriotism, according to Dr. Johnson, is the last refuge of a scoundrel, but in Ireland it is his first thought. It is his chosen career; it is the profession in which, if his scoundrelism be at once enriched with ability and adorned with effrontery, he is most certain of success. To say that treachery was the ever present refuge of a patriot would be less pointed, but in Ireland it would at least be somewhat more exact. And just as in the world of unscrupulous finance there are always men who seek to make money by the failure of projects which they themselves appear to support, and in whose success they profess to be deeply interested, so in the no less sordid world of Irish disaffection the informer springs into existence on the same day as the plot. Sprung, we should say, rather than springs, for times have changed, and at the present moment in Ireland there is no such thing as treason. The game is played with different cards. There are no in-

¹ The calling does not seem to have been attended with any special danger. The only instance recorded by Mr. Fitzpatrick of an informer being killed by his compatriots is that of Phillips, a priest, in January, 1796 (p. 173); and he adds that "punishment of informers by death was not of the frequency that was supposed."

² The Sham Squire, p. 205.

formers, for there is no information worth purchasing; nor is Secret Service money, as of old, at the disposal of Irish chief secretaries. If a separated Ireland should ever again bring the empire within sight of foreign invasion or civil war, the spy and his wages will no doubt both again be at the disposal of the imperial government. But at the end of the eighteenth century the country was in a condition of danger and distress, the gravity of which the vigor of Pitt's policy, and the splendid success of his administration, have induced posterity to forget. Girt about with foes, cut off from the friendship of Europe, menaced with invasion; with commerce crippled and credit impaired; with incompetent generals and a mutinous fleet, the position of England was more truly critical than it had been since England became a nation. And in all these troubles Ireland, not as yet united to Great Britain, was ever a source of special difficulty and of special danger.

The most constant peril to which the country was exposed was that of invasion by the French. It was in Ireland that the French were to land. It was indeed in Ireland that they actually landed, and it was from Ireland that proceeded the invitation, the information, the envoys that made a landing in Ireland a perpetual possibility and a perpetual danger. Against domestic treason the domestic spy was at once the most politic, the most efficacious, and the least costly means of defence. "There is a good deal of bribery," as was ingenuously remarked at the time, "in 10,000*l.*," but 10,000*l.* would not have gone far in the equipment and maintenance of an army.

Five-and-twenty or thirty years ago it was said by a witty Irish judge that the safest place in Ireland in which a traitor could find himself was the dock; and the saying was at once more witty and more true than may at first sight appear. But a hundred years ago it was far otherwise; the dock was more than dangerous, it was usually fatal. The secret meeting, the anonymous letter, the betrayed comrade, the bag of honest guineas—rather in that direction was

safety to be found; how frequently and how certainly we may learn from Mr. Fitzpatrick's acute and diligent researches. The fact that large sums of money were paid by the Irish government to spies and informers at the time of the rebellion, and for some years afterwards, as is shown in such full detail by Mr. Fitzpatrick, has an important bearing upon the question of the bribery of members of Parliament, by which the Act of Union is said to have been ultimately carried in the Irish House of Commons. Mr. Dunbar Ingram, in his interesting "*History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland*," points out (pp. 209-10) that the whole amount of Secret Service money that was placed at the disposal of Lord Cornwallis in 1799 was 5,000*l.*, and in 1800, 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.*, although a further 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* a year for five years was promised at the time.¹ "To whom," says Mr. Ingram, "was this money to be given?" It is clear that so slender a fund would not have purchased a majority in a hostile House of Commons at a time when, according to Lord Cornwallis himself (February 8, 1800), "the enemy were offering 5,000*l.* ready money for a vote,"² and one of the supporters of the government actually received 4,000*l.* from the Opposition to change sides and vote against the Union, which he did in the month of February, 1800 (D. Ingram, p. 216). Yet, although Mr. Ingram suggests that "spies had to be paid, informers maintained, past services to be remunerated, and rewards for apprehension to be offered," he is somewhat at a loss to account for the expenditure of the full 10,000*l.* a year outside the walls of Parliament, more especially after the Union. Had Mr. Fitzpatrick's statement been before him when he wrote in 1887, he would scarcely have been troubled in his search. The satisfaction of such hidden horse-leeches as Turner and McNally, the debts of honor that were due to O'Leary, and Magan, and Rey-

¹ Cooke to Castlereagh, April 5, 1800. *Vide* Ross: "*Cornwallis Correspondence*," vol. iii., p. 226.

² This letter does not appear to be included in the "*Cornwallis Correspondence*" by Ross.

nolds, the maintenance of the useful and unblushing Higgins, can have been barely provided for out of that modest fund for Secret Service which the ignorant imaginativeness of half-informed politicians has assigned to the wholesale corruption of a patriotic Parliament.

The first of the Irish informers whose doings are brought to light by Mr. Fitzpatrick is no less a person than the celebrated Arthur O'Leary, the subject of two eulogistic biographies,¹ "a man whose memory is worshipped by Irish Catholic politicians with a devotion which approaches idolatry." O'Leary, as he was known to the world, was the most fascinating preacher, the most distinguished controversialist of his time. A priest "who had caught the language of toleration, who had mastered all the chords of liberal philosophy, and played on them like a master, whose mission had been to plead against prejudice, to represent his country as a bleeding lamb, maligned, traduced, oppressed, but ever praying for her enemies, as eager only to persuade England to offer her hand to the Catholic Church, and receive in return the affectionate homage of undying gratitude."² O'Leary, like all his fellows and successors in office, enjoyed not only an unblemished but an unassailable reputation.

No one was more generally loved and revered than Father O'Leary [writes Charles Butler]. Yelverton, speaking in the Irish Parliament, said: "Unattached to this world's affairs, Father O'Leary can have none but the purest motives of rendering service to the cause of morality and his country." He was the subject of a grand panegyric from the pulpit. Two biographies of him have been written by anointed hands. Idolized while living, his memory was cherished by thousands. His name wore a halo!

A man of learning, a philosopher, a Franciscan [said Grattan] did the most eminent service to his country in the hour of its greatest danger. . . . Poor in everything but genius and philosophy, he had no property at stake, no family to fear for; but descending from the contemplation of wisdom,

and abandoning the ornaments of fancy, he humanly undertook the task of conveying duty and instruction to the lowest class of the people.

His manners [says Mr. Pratt] were the most winning and artless, anticipating his good-will and urbanity before he opened his lips; and when they were opened, his expressions did but ratify what those manners had before ensured. And you had a further earnest of this in the benign and ineffable smile of a countenance so little practised in guile that it at the same time invited to confidence, and denoted an impossibility of your being betrayed.³

This smile of a countenance little practised in guile was perhaps the most precious possession of the informer, and as early as 1778 the guileless ecclesiastic was in the enjoyment of a pension from the British government. His mission, indeed, was not to betray his associates to the hangman, but to induce his friends to abstain from rebellion. His tracts, his pamphlets, his addresses were a skilful combination of patriotic bombast with sensible exhortation. And the pill must have been very cunningly gilded, for we read (p. 232) that in 1783 a distinguished corps of volunteers had conferred upon him the honorary title of chaplain. "On that memorable day," says Mr. Buckley, "when the delegates of a hundred thousand men met in the [Dublin] Rotunda, with all the pomp and power that an armed nation could concentrate for a great national purpose, it was gratifying to the assembled masses of spectators to behold Father O'Leary, as he entered the building, received at the door by the entire guard of the volunteers with a full salute of rested arms. He marched up the hall amid the deafening cheers of surrounding delegates, and in the debate which followed his name was frequently mentioned with honor and applause."

With a view to further advertising and emphasizing the lessons of his pamphlets and speeches, O'Leary published, or caused to be published, a satire, or mock heroic poem upon his own serious writings, entitled "The O'Learyiad," which ran through two editions

¹ One by England in 1822, and another by Buckley published as late as 1867.

² Froude, *The English in Ireland*, ii. 413.

³ *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1802.

in Dublin and Cork in 1789. This thoroughness of execution showed the true genius of double dealing, and the hero of "The O'Learyad" was justly deemed worthy of a higher sphere. As chaplain to the Irish Brigade, the functions of an informer were added to his literary engagements, and his secret pension was increased by 100*l.* a year. So ably did O'Leary perform the duties of his double office, that in 1789, unsuspected of his friends, panegyricized by Curran in Parliament as "a man, to his personal knowledge, of the most innocent and amiable simplicity of manners, severely regulated by twenty years in a cloister," the recipient of a gold medal that was struck in honor of his virtue and his patriotism, O'Leary was promoted from the important post of a Dublin informer to the more exalted position of a London spy. He was appointed by some secret agency assistant to the celebrated Dr. Thomas Hussey, Irishman by birth, Spaniard by allegiance, Trappist by profession, in truth the secretary to the Spanish ambassador, in name the chaplain to the Spanish Embassy in Manchester Square. The assistance that was rendered by the Irish priest in the Spanish Chancery may easily be imagined. The relations between Spain and England at this time were far from friendly. War was soon to be declared between the two countries. And Hussey, though nominally only a chaplain, enjoyed much of the consideration, and was entrusted with many of the secrets of an accredited envoy.¹

¹ Hussey's life is an exceedingly interesting one. We have not space to pursue it at any length in the text. He was born in Ireland in 1741, and left his country at an early age in order to be educated, as was usual with Irish candidates for the priesthood in those days, at the University of Salamanca. Having completed his theological studies in Spain, and spent some years as a monk of La Trappe, he entered the service of Charles III., and was appointed in 1767 to the post of chaplain and secretary to the Spanish Embassy in London. When Spain joined France in the war between England and the American colonies, the Spanish ambassador, of course, quitted London, but he left the conduct of the Embassy to Hussey, who behaved with so much tact and discretion that he secured the good-will and regard of George III.; and he was even entrusted, most strangely, by that orthodox monarch with two missions to Madrid, with the object of detaching Spain from the French alliance. And

It is scarcely necessary to say that all Hussey's secrets were promptly conveyed by this zealous *assistant* to Lord Sydney at the Home Office. But O'Leary was much more than a mere vulgar spy. He became a friend of the Prince of Wales, and used his position at court to promote friendly relations between the Whig party and the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and his endeavors are said to have contributed in no small degree to the popularity of the prince and the prince's adherents in that country. Yet we should scarcely be surprised to hear that some of the secrets of Carlton House had found their way through this most worthy channel to the royal ear at Windsor.

O'Leary, like so many other clever Irishmen, had an immense success in London. The pensioner of Pitt, he was the ally of Fox, and was, as we are told, "regarded with marked consideration by Edmund Burke." The companion of the Prince of Wales, the intimate friend of Lord Moira, the correspondent and legatee of chief informer Higgins, Father O'Leary played off his fine friends one against another with complete success. He was, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, the lion of the hour in London, where "his portrait looked out from the windows of Bond Street and Piccadilly, surrounded by soul-stirring sentiments culled from his published books." Sentiments, indeed, seem to have been O'Leary's strong point, and they appear to have captivated no less modern and no less distinguished a personage than the late Lord O'Hagan.

Among O'Leary's admirers there was none more ardent than Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, in whose now deserted study still hangs a fine portrait of the friar, inscribed with soul-stirring sentiments on which O'Hagan had long sought to shape his own course.²

although these negotiations were not successful, Hussey retained the confidence of both the Spanish and English governments. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1792, and enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Johnson. A mission to Ireland led to the establishment of the Roman Catholic seminary of Maynooth in 1795, of which he was made the first president. He was afterwards appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford, and died in 1803.

² It is impossible, to suspect Mr. Fitzpatrick of

Henry Grattan, in the life of his father, positively asserts that

Mr. Pitt offered a considerable pension to O'Leary, provided he would exert himself among his Roman Catholic countrymen, and write in support of the Union; but every application was in vain; O'Leary steadfastly resisted Mr. Pitt's solicitations, and, though poor, he rejected the offers of the minister, and could not be seduced from his allegiance to his country.

Thus trusted and praised, the good friar died in London in January, 1802, mourned by his contemporaries and honored with that monument in St. Pancras "to his virtue and talents," for the restoration of which the conductors of the *Tablet* newspaper, recalling his many virtues some fifty years after his death, opened a subscription list in their admiring columns.

So much for the Rev. Arthur O'Leary. But while great credit is due to Mr. Fitzpatrick for unmasking this ecclesiastical double-dealer, he has made a fuller and a still more interesting discovery in the case of a far more important spy, who was known, even in the secret history of the times, only as "Lord Downshire's friend," and whose identity remained unsuspected for over ninety years. His name was first mentioned as the arch-informer by Mr. Lecky¹ in 1890; but in the hands of Mr. Fitzpatrick all doubt disappears; and this enigma of history becomes as real a personage as Pelham or Sydney; and his drafts, his *aliases*, and his *alibis*, which have long been among the best-kept secrets of political espionage, are presented to us with as much certainty as the speeches of Grattan or the letters of the Marquess Cornwallis. For the story of the first appearance of this prince of spies, as far as it was known to the political students of three generations, we cannot improve upon the language of Mr. Froude, which is cited

any spice of malice as regards the first Roman Catholic lord chancellor of Ireland; but his compliment to Lord O'Hagan is a little awkward.

¹ History of England in the Eighteenth Century, vol. vii., pp. 400-1. Mr. Lecky devotes but a single paragraph to Turner, and identifies him, without either elaboration or emphasis, with Lord Downshire's mysterious friend.

at length in the volume that lies before us:—

One night, early in October, 1797, a person came to the house of Lord Downshire in London, and desired to see him immediately. Lord Downshire went into the hall and found a man muffled in a cloak, with a hat slouched over his face, who requested a private interview. The duke (*sic*) took him into his library, and when he threw off his disguise recognized in his visitor the son of a gentleman of good fortune in the north of Ireland, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Lord Downshire's "friend" (the title under which he was always subsequently described) had been a member of the Ulster Revolutionary Committee. . . . He stipulated only, as usual, that he should never be called on to appear in a court of justice to prosecute any one who might be taken up in consequence of his discoveries.

Lord Downshire agreed to his conditions; but, as it was then late, he desired him to return and complete his story in the morning. He said that his life was in danger even in London. He could not venture a second time to Lord Downshire, or run the risk of being observed by his servants. Downshire appointed the empty residence of a friend in the neighborhood. Thither he went the next day in a hackney coach. The door was left unlocked, and he entered unseen by any one. Lord Downshire then took down from his lips a list of the principal members of the Executive Committee by whom the whole movement was at that time directed. He next related at considerable length the proceedings of the United Irishmen during the two past years, the division of opinion, the narrow chance by which a rising had been escaped in Dublin in the spring, and his own subsequent adventures. He had fled with others from Belfast in the general dispersion of the leaders. . . . He had been naturally intimate with the other Irish refugees. Napper Tandy was strolling about the streets in uniform, and calling himself a major. Hamilton Rowan had been pressed to return, but preferred safety in America, and professed himself *sick of politics*. After this, "the person"—as Lord Downshire called his visitor, keeping even the Cabinet in ignorance of his name—came to the immediate object of his visit to England.

He had discovered that all important negotiations between the Revolutionary Committee in Dublin and their Paris agents passed through Lady Edward's hands.

The Paris letters were transmitted first to her at Hamburg. By her they were forwarded to Lady Lucy Fitzgerald in London. From London Lady Lucy was able to send them on unsuspected. Being himself implicitly trusted, both by Lady Edward and by Lady Lucy, he believed he could give the government information which would enable them to detect and examine these letters in their transit through the post.

No entry could have been more dramatic; no information could have been more acceptable; and, as may be supposed, no assistance, could have been more valuable.

An arrangement was concluded. He continued at Hamburg as Lady Edward's guest and most trusted friend, saw every one who came to her house, kept watch over her letter-bag, was admitted to close and secret conversations upon the prospect of French interference in Ireland with Reinhard, the Minister of the Directory there, and he regularly kept Lord Downshire informed of everything which would enable Pitt to watch the conspiracy.

"A cool five hundred," demanded by "the person" "with all deference," was promptly provided, and "the person" took up his post of observation at Hamburg. Here he is introduced to us by Mr. Fitzpatrick as Samuel Turner, Esq., barrister and doctor of laws, and a member of the Executive of the United Irishmen. And hence he is tracked and traced through his various voyages and disguises from his early profession of patriotism in rebel Ulster, to the day of his death by a friendly bullet in a duel in the Isle of Man. Previous to the year 1796 Samuel Turner, of Turner's Glen, near Newry, in the County Armagh, is first known to fame as a leading member of the great confederacy of United Irishmen, and he is found posing in the double rôle of martyr and hero, winning alternately the admiration and the sympathy of the people. A public quarrel with the notorious Luttrell, Lord Carhampton, commander of the king's forces in Ireland, about the color of his neckcloth, when the fiery patriot insisted upon challenging the king's representative in the public streets of Newry, did much no doubt to increase his reputation both as a rebel and as a

fire-eater. And it was arranged at headquarters that, on the outbreak of the rebellion, the Newry contingent of the Irish army should march under his command. Having thus graduated in treason at home, Doctor Turner was enabled to devote his attention to the successful practice of treachery abroad. His first service was the betrayal of Quigley, O'Connor, and Leary, who were arrested at Margate on their way to France as envoys from the Irish rebels to the Directory. Quigley was tried, convicted, and hanged. But Turner was not suspected by his friends; indeed, almost immediately afterwards

Lady Edward Fitzgerald had sent him on to Paris with a letter to her brother-in-law, General Valence. By Valence he had been introduced to Hoche and De la Croix. He had seen Talleyrand and had *talked* at length with him on the condition of Ireland. Talleyrand, suspicious as he was of all men and things, seems to have been completely deceived by this Irish doctor of laws.

The betrayer tells Talleyrand that "the spirit of the North was completely broken." In point of fact, however, it was in the North that the real martial spirit of the United Irishmen blazed, and there the best battles were afterwards fought under the leadership of Orr and Monroe. Turner was anxious to make the French turn their thoughts of invasion to other points on the Irish coast, and he so far succeeded that in August, 1798, Humbert's expedition, embracing not one thousand men, landed at Killala, among the starved and unarmed peasantry of Connaught. He calculated on meeting enthusiastic support; but as Mr. Lecky says, it soon became apparent how fatally he had been deceived. After winning one battle, and losing another, Humbert surrendered to Cornwallis.

At his post in Hamburg, Turner was ever on the alert. The election of Lawless, afterwards Lord Cloncurry, to a seat on the Executive Directory of the United Irishmen was immediately communicated to Lord Downshire by his "friend," as well as the details of a rebel mission of Arthur O'Connor to Hoche in Switzerland, and afterwards in France. Both Lawless and O'Connor were arrested; but Turner remained

unsuspected. More than this, indeed, he succeeded in convincing Lord Edward Fitzgerald that one Lewins, an Irish rebel envoy to France, whose presence was no doubt inconvenient to him at Hamburg, was a traitor to the cause. Reinhard, the French minister, was no fitter to cope in diplomacy with the young Irish barrister than was Talleyrand himself. Turner was the most trusted Irishman out of Ireland. In the summer of 1797 a memorial was forwarded through Reinhard at Hamburg to the French Directory by one Macnevin, a clever Irish rebel, supplying exhaustive if not wholly trustworthy information upon the state of Ireland, and asking for the armed intervention of France in that country; and one Jägerhorn, a Swede, was sent from France to treat with the Executive of the United Irishmen in Dublin. Thanks to the vigilance of Turner, a copy of the memorial was delivered in Downing Street about the same time that the original was received in Paris, and Monsieur Jägerhorn was stopped in London on his way to Ireland. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was in consequence compelled to go over from Dublin to see him in London, where, of course, he was carefully watched. But it was now high time that the patriotic Turner should show himself in Ireland. His absence might be attributed to wavering treason. His challenge to the commander-in-chief was said to have been the cause of his retirement to Hamburg, but his protracted absence might cause suspicion. So, braving every danger, he made his appearance in Dublin, and even "attended several meetings of the Ulster delegates," after which he was free to return to London, where, we are told, he "saw a good deal of Jägerhorn and Lord Edward Fitzgerald"! At the same time he was urged by Reinhard to come over to Hamburg as the only mode in which he could "serve his country and the Republic." "I instantly acquiesced," he writes to Lord Downshire, "and told Monsieur Reinhard that I had arranged matters with Lord Edward in London for that purpose." Early in July, accordingly, Turner pro-

ceeded to Hamburg. On the twelfth of that month Reinhard reports his arrival to De la Croix in Paris, and concludes his despatch: "I have just received a memorial in which Mr. Jägerhorn gives me an account of his journey. I will send it you by the next courier. That estimable Swede has again manifested great devotedness to the cause of liberty."

It is perhaps scarcely surprising to us that by some marvellous sleight of hand a copy of the estimable Swede's secret report found its way to Whitehall almost as soon as the original was received in Paris, and may be read at length in the "Castlereagh Papers."¹ Turner's skill in diverting suspicion from himself to others was not the least remarkable of his accomplishments; and we read with infinite amusement that the person suspected and accused, after nine years' deliberation, of having betrayed Jägerhorn's secret to the English Cabinet was no other than Reinhard himself!

Macnevin published his "Pieces of Irish History" at New York in 1807, and notices the betrayal of the memorial which he had addressed to the French government. Up to that time, and until his death in 1840, he does not seem to suspect Turner. Had any such doubt occurred to him, he would have been the first to avow it. At p. 146 of his book Macnevin inveighs against a "profligate informer," "a ruffian of the name of Reynolds;" but Reynolds's treachery was confined to the arrests at Bond's in Dublin, and did not take place until March, 1798. Ten pages further on Macnevin speaks of the "unparalleled fidelity of the United Irish Body." Dr. Macnevin was struck by the knowledge the government had acquired of the "negotiations of the United Irishmen with foreign States," and, he adds, "at this time one of the deputies [*i.e.*, himself] had personal evidence of its extent and accuracy. That knowledge was obtained from some person in the pay of England and in the confidence of France." And Dr. Macnevin then proceeds to point to REINHARD by name!

And Macnevin, who suspected the faithful Duckett of being an English spy, praises the zeal and talents of Turner!

¹ Castlereagh Correspondence, i. 286-8.

The account of the pleasant supper party at Hamburg, where Napper Tandy was found, strangely enough, in the company of Turner, and was then and there arrested, without excessive regard to the law of nations, is fully told by Mr. Fitzpatrick, although he confuses the peerages of Minto and St. Germans, the Elliots and the Eliots, the Hague and Hamburg, the first consulship and the Directory, and other matters foreign to Ireland and the Irish, in a way that is quite unlike his punctilious and usually most accurate treatment of the subjects with which he is more familiar. His account of the imprisonment of Napper Tandy in Hamburg may be read with advantage in an age when the arrangement for the comfort of political prisoners is so severely criticised : —

He was confined in a dungeon little larger than a grave ; he was loaded with irons ; he was chained by an iron that communicated from his arm to his leg, and that so short as to grind into his flesh. Food was cut into shapeless lumps, and flung to him by his keepers as he lay on the ground, as if he had been a beast ; he had no bed to lie on, not even straw to coil himself up in if he could have slept.

After the Union, Turner, in the enjoyment of his unsuspected pension, returned to Dublin and was living in a fine house facing St. Stephen's Green, when the abortive outbreak in 1803 once more suggested the employment of his services, and the manner of his new entrance upon the scene is eminently characteristic. He was arrested by order of the crown and lodged in Kilmainham Gaol, where he at once became the trusted counsellor and sympathetic confidant of his fellow-captives.

"Samuel Turner, Esquire," of imposing presence and indomitable mien, a veteran in "the cause," the man who had challenged the commander-in-chief, the envoy to France, the exile of Erin, the friend of Lord Edward and Pamela, the disinherited by his father, the victim of State persecution, now stood before his fellow-prisoners the "Ecce Homo" of martyrdom, commanding irresistibly their confidence. Of his detention in Kilmainham Dr. Madden knows nothing ; but he mentions that Turner accompanied the State prisoners — nine-

teen in number—to Fort George in Scotland, the final scene of their captivity. Here Turner's work was so adroitly performed that we find a man of incorruptible integrity suspected instead.

No less solid a rebel than Thomas Addis Emmet was suspected by no less astute a patriot than Arthur O'Connor, and a duel was hardly prevented between the *true* patriots. Having performed his task, Turner was liberated, returned to Dublin, and, enjoying a reputation for indomitable patriotism, took upon himself to call out D'Esterre, who had challenged Daniel O'Connell, and was afterwards killed in single combat by him. This seems to have been the last public appearance of Turner, who was himself killed shortly afterwards in a duel in the Isle of Man, provoked by a private quarrel with a man of the name of Boyce.

It has usually been assumed, without very close examination, that the hardships and unfair treatment to which his Majesty's seamen were exposed at the end of the last century were the only causes of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in 1797. The outbreaks themselves, indeed, have been passed over lightly by historians as a subject by no means flattering to the national vanity ; and English writers have preferred dilating upon the glorious victory of Cape St. Vincent in February and that of Camperdown in October to dwelling upon the dark and disastrous days¹ in May and June, when England, at war with the world, was well-nigh without a fleet ; when the three per cents., that had touched one hundred before the war, were sold as low as forty-five, and Parker, with twenty-four powerful ships, blockaded the Thames and threatened to storm London. Of the cause and origin of the mutinies, Mr. Fitzpatrick supplies at least an additional explanation, and one that is well deserving of our attention, for he makes it appear that the fleet was largely manned by disaffected Irishmen. Tone

¹ In the six large volumes in which *James* has written the *Naval History of England* from 1793 to 1827, two pages only (pp. 63, 64, vol. II.) are devoted to the mutiny at the Nore !

assured Carnot, early in 1797, that England had recently raised eighty thousand men in Ireland for her navy. Tone, of course, lied. But the number, even according to the official returns, was considerable, mounting to over fifteen thousand five hundred men. Among the delegates who acted as commanders under Parker, the leader of the mutineers—a man whom there are good grounds for supposing to be an Irish rebel, though positive proof is wanting as to his identity—we find such names as O'Brien, who was hanged at the yardarm,¹ Donovan, Sullivan, Walshe, Brady, McCarthy, MacGuinness, Coffey, and Brennan. Moreover, it appears that the crews were largely sworn to espouse the cause of rebellion in Ireland; “to be faithful to their brethren who were fighting against tyranny;” to carry a portion of the fleet into Irish ports, and to hoist, instead of the union jack, a green flag emblazoned with *Erin go Bragh*.² Lee, another of the ring-leaders, was a “determined United Irishman,” and but one of many who had joined the fleet for the sole purpose of exciting a mutiny. And Lee acted in concert with Duckett, a well-known Irish rebel, on shore, who was more than once suspected of being an informer, but whose memory is vindicated by Mr. Fitzpatrick from any suspicion of complicity with Pitt.

Duckett is at Hamburg; he has denounced Stone at Paris as a traitor. I hear he [Duckett] has got money from the [French] government for the purpose of renewing the mutiny in the English Fleet. Stone is the man who had been tried in 1795 for high treason, and found guilty. But Duckett, though a staunch rebel, may have had good

reason for denouncing Stone three years later.

Duckett's correspondence with De la Croix, the French war minister, and Truguet, the minister of marine, was revealed by Turner from Hamburg. And it is well-nigh impossible to over-estimate the value of the revelation. Had it not been for the jealousy of Tone, who hated Duckett, “whom he constantly snubs and denounces” as a rival envoy from Ireland to the Directory “in Paris,” there would have been a hearty co-operation by the French, and the results of the mutinies might have been very different. But the duplicity of Turner, the simplicity of Duckett, the vain suspicions of Tone, puzzled the French ministers, and nothing was done to support the mutineers.

There seems [says Tone, writing on August 1, 1797] to be a fate in this business. Five weeks—I believe six weeks—the English Fleet was paralyzed by the mutinies at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Nore. The sea was open, and nothing to prevent both the Dutch and French fleets to put to sea. Well, nothing was ready; that precious opportunity, which we can never expect to return, was lost; and now that at last we are ready here, the wind is against us, the mutiny is quelled, and we are sure to be attacked by a superior force. At Brest it is, I fancy, still worse. Had we been in Ireland at the moment of the insurrection at the Nore, we should beyond a doubt have had at least that fleet, and God only knows the influence which such an event might have had on the whole British Navy.

Yet more remarkable than Arthur O'Leary, or even than Samuel Turner, in his power of deceiving his friends was the unapproachable Leonard McNally. Mr. Froude does not appear to have been aware that he was an informer, and though Mr. Lecky has sketched his career in half-a-dozen of his most admirable pages, due credit must be given to Mr. Fitzpatrick for the completeness of his last revelations. McNally began his professional life as a briefless barrister and a very successful writer of plays in London. The opening of Covent Garden theatre, on

¹ The mutiny at Spithead in April and May, it must always be remembered, was an affair of very different character from that of the Nore, where Parker commanded, in May and June. He appears to have been a man of superior birth and education, and is *very nearly* identified by Mr. Fitzpatrick with one Parker, a man of “persuasive oratorical powers” (p. 277), employed by the Irish secretary in Dublin in 1784 as spy. He does not seem, however, to have been very faithful to his employers, and is described by Orde as “an accomplished orator and a good hand at sedition.”

² Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, 1799.

September 23, 1782, was commemorated by a prelude from McNally's pen.

No name seems to have been more popular with the pit and galleries, and the admiration of his countrymen for him showed itself in odd ways. Kemble somewhere describes an Irishman at Drury Lane indignantly claiming one of Shakespeare's plays for McNally; and when a spectator, duly challenged, replied that he did not want to dispute the point with him, his tormentor said, still trying to foster a quarrel, "But perhaps you don't believe me?" Again the man received a polite assurance which seemed quite satisfactory; but five minutes later "Pat," observing Kemble whispering to a companion, came over in an attitude still more menacing—"Maybe your friend doesn't believe that the play is written by Leonard McNally?"—and to avoid a scene both were glad to decamp.

But thinking, no doubt, that more money was to be made out of law if not out of treachery in his own country than he was able to draw from the ill-supplied exchequer of Covent Garden, he migrated to Dublin, and soon found himself no less appreciated at the Four Courts than he had been in Drury Lane. In England he had been but a writer of plays; in Ireland he showed himself a most consummate and successful actor in the great drama of rebellion. As early as 1790 he was admitted a freeman of the city of Dublin "for his services to his country," and by 1794 he was one of the most popular barristers of the popular party, the colleague of Curran, Ponsonby, Emmet, and constituting with them, says Mr. Froude, "the leading strength of Irish Liberalism" of the day.¹ He was described, moreover,² in a popular history as "the man most obnoxious to the government, who most hated them and was most hated by them; who, amidst the military audience, stood by Curran's side while he denounced oppression, defied power, and dared every danger!" He uniformly took the popular side on all questions. The bar meeting to denounce the Union on December 9, 1798, included him

amongst the most patriotic orators. In the eyes of young Ireland a hundred years ago a halo surrounded his head. At the trial of Sheridan and Kirwan, two Catholic delegates, he spoke warmly against the sheriff and others for tampering with the jury, and when called to order by the bench, he excused himself by saying, "that where the heart and the understanding went together it was difficult to keep bounds." He not only boasted of being a United Irishman, but he actually challenged and fought Sir Jonah Barrington for having used "disparaging language" towards that celebrated rebel association. His seconds in the duel, Sheares and Bagenal Harvey, were both hanged in the following year for treason.³ And not only by the populace, but by his most distinguished colleagues, was McNally trusted and admired. Upon a celebrated occasion

John Philpot Curran, embracing McNally, said, "My old and excellent friend, I have long known and respected the honesty of your heart, but never until this occasion was I acquainted with the extent of your abilities. I am not in the habit of paying compliments where they are undeserved." Tears fell from Mr. Curran as he hung over his friend. Emotion spread to the Bench, and Judge Chamberlain and Baron Smith warmly complimented McNally.

No other member of the brotherhood of United Irishmen could have produced such unimpeachable testimony at once to the ardor of his disaffection and to the purity of his professional reputation. Yet this most unimpeachable of patriots was, in truth, the basest of spies, the most shameless of informers. As early as 1790 Mr. Fitzpatrick finds him betraying his client, Lord Sherborne, in some legal proceedings in Westmeath, and in 1792 he certainly disclosed the case of Napper Tandy to the Irish government when he represented that fiery little rebel in court. Mr. Lecky, less minutely informed, considered that McNally's treachery dates only from 1794, on the occasion of the trial of one Jackson,⁴ an English clergyman, who had

¹ Froude, "The English in Ireland," iii. 117-120. Lecky, "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. vii., pp. 136-142.

² Curran and his Contemporaries, by Phillips.

³ *Northern Star*, March 3, 1797.

⁴ In early life Jackson was the Duchess of Kings-

unhappily come to Ireland on a secret mission from France, and who was arrested, tried, defended by McNally, and sentenced to be hanged.

Jackson, shortly before his death [Mr. Lecky goes on to say] found an opportunity of writing four short letters, recommending his wife and child, and a child who was still unborn, to two or three friends, and to the care of the French nation, and he also drew up a will leaving all he possessed to his wife, and entrusting McNally with the protection of her interests. He wrote at the bottom of it "Signed and sealed in presence of my dearest friend, whose heart and principles ought to recommend him as a worthy citizen—Leonard McNally." These precious documents he entrusted, when dying, to his friend, and about three weeks after the death of Jackson, McNally placed them in the hands of the Irish government. (Lecky, vol. vii., p. 141.)

If this really was the beginning of McNally's career as a spy, he certainly belied the adage, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, and we are disposed to agree with Mr. Fitzpatrick that he was already, in 1794, a practised informer. From this time, at all events, it is certain that he regularly betrayed to the crown the line of defence contemplated by his clients, and gave other information which he could only have received in professional confidence; and the government archives still contain several of his briefs noted in his own hand.

He was also able, in a manner not less base, to furnish the government with early and most authentic evidence about conspiracies which were forming in France. James Tandy . . . was his intimate friend; McNally, by his means, saw nearly every letter that arrived from Napper Tandy, and some of those which came from Rowan and Reynolds. The substance of these letters was regularly transmitted to the government, and they sometimes contained information of much value. Besides this, as a lawyer

ton's agent in her infamous attack on Foote, and figures as Father O'Donovan in the "Trip to Calais," where the duchess herself is introduced as Lady Kitty Crocodile. Jackson was afterwards a spy in French pay, and going over to Ireland was betrayed to the government by his friend and accomplice Coeayne. He cheated the hangman by taking poison as soon as the verdict was pronounced, and died actually in the dock as sentence of death was being pronounced.

in considerable practice, constantly going on circuit, and acquainted with the leaders of sedition, McNally had excellent opportunities of knowing the state of the country, and was able to give very valuable warnings about the prevailing dispositions.

Valuable, no doubt, both to the government and to the informer, yet it is hard to see why McNally, the successful barrister, the popular playwright, the well-remunerated author,¹ the admired patriot, should have adopted the uncertain profession of a spy. That he was well paid was a matter of course. Nor was he backward in claiming his wages:—

Without money [he writes] it is impossible to do what is expected. Those Spartans wish to live like Athenians in matters of eating and drinking. They live so among each other, and without ability to entertain I cannot live with them, and without living with them I cannot learn from them.

There is rarely much of the Spartan in those feasts that are paid for out of the secret service money of either established governments or patriotic leagues. Hospitality, indeed, in Mr. Fitzpatrick's pages is regarded with some suspicion, "a means to an end,"² as it was, no doubt, with the McNallys and the Higginsons of jovial Dublin a hundred years ago. But however the money was spent, and whatever may have been the amount of the remuneration, the business itself was certainly congenial to Mr. McNally's nature, and was conducted by him with an artistic completeness that positively commands our admiration. A spice of persecution was needed at times to maintain his reputation as a martyr, and, accordingly, a silver cup bearing a patriotic motto was torn from his house by the police, and the outrage called forth one of Curran's most impassioned bursts of eloquence. The seizure, as may be supposed, was of a friendly rather than a hostile character—a well-prepared scene, in fact, in the great comedy of the "Pure and

¹ He received no less than 2,500*l.* for his book, "The Irish Justice of the Peace."

² "Will you walk into my *parlor*?" said the spider to the fly" is his comment on an ordinary invitation to dinner. *Parlor*, it may be noted, signifies, in the language of Dublin, a dining-room.

Persecuted Patriot," and when the incident had served its purpose, the cup was returned, together with very handsome compensation in cash. McNally's version of the episode prepared *ad usum populi* is too good to be lost. It is as follows:—

A sergeant waited upon him, and delivered a verbal command from Major Sandys to surrender the cup. Mr. McNally refused, and commissioned the messenger to carry back such an answer as so daring a requisition suggested. The sergeant . . . respectfully remonstrated upon the imprudence of provoking Major Sandys. The consequences soon appeared: the sergeant returned with a body of soldiers, who paraded before Mr. McNally's door, and were under orders to proceed to extremities if the cup was not delivered up. Upon Mr. McNally's acquainting Lord Kilwarden with the outrage, the latter burst into tears and, exclaiming that "his own sideboard might be the next object of plunder, if such atrocious practices were not checked," lost not an instant in procuring the restitution of the property. The cup was accordingly sent back with the inscription erased. (P. 191.)

"McNally's account of the robbery of his silver cup," says Mr. Fitzpatrick rather naively, "was part of his stock in trade, and I am sure that for twenty times its price he would not have been without it." Of this we have no doubt whatever, for we have seen in more modern times even less costly articles of personal property become valuable as a part of the stock in trade of a modern Irish patriot.

"Ninety-eight" came and went. McNally was, of course, the most trusted prisoners' counsel in Dublin. But, strange to say, most of his clients were convicted; many were executed. The century came to an end. The Union was effected. But in 1803 the popular confidence in the patriotic barrister was still undiminished, and he was retained as counsel for the defence of Robert Emmet and the other rebels who were to be tried before the Special Commission in the August of that year. It need scarcely be said that all their secrets found their way to Dublin Castle, and that notes of drafts on the Secret Service Fund in favor of L. M. are of fre-

quent occurrence in the private accounts of the Treasury in that year.

Although the services of the informer were in but slight request after the rising of 1803, McNally continued to enjoy the confidence of the government and the esteem of his patriotic friends; distinguished as an advocate, as Mr. Curran tells us, "by the intrepidity of his language" in court, while he was regularly handing over such of his briefs as might contain any shred of interesting information to the authorities whom he so intrepidly denounced. His last act of espionage, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, occurred but a few months before his death, and was connected in some way with the mission of General d'Evreux to Ireland with the object of raising troops for Bolivar in 1819. The government seems to have wisely refrained from any interference with this breach of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and McNally's services were deemed superfluous. In the following year this most successful of informers died, as he had lived, unsuspected; and having been received, on his deathbed, into the Church of Rome, he acquired a reputation for sanctity, superadded to his reputation for patriotism, which survives to the present day. Whether Mr. Lecky's glowing pages and Mr. Fitzpatrick's more precise disclosures will suffice to dethrone him from his pedestal, is by no means certain. The people who are yet found to mourn over the theft of Mr. William O'Brien's small clothes may continue to believe in the robbery of Mr. Leonard McNally's silver cup.

It is certainly not surprising that Mr. Fitzpatrick, whose researches have been so extensive and so successful in the discovery of spies, should scent an informer in every rebel whose career was not actually cut short by the hangman. "John Keogh," says he, in one place, making honorable mention of some obscure "defender," "is the *only* man of mark who passed unscathed through the crisis of '98; and Cox, believing this immunity was due to treachery towards his colleagues, sought to brand him as a spy." The dock, after all, as far as reputation is concerned, would seem to have been

the safest place in Ireland in 1798 as well as in 1867. But Mr. Fitzpatrick has a keener scent than either judges or juries, and neither trial nor even imprisonment can remove a patriot from the sphere of his critical investigation; for he is a man who knows his subject and his country, even though he is at times unable to see the humorous side of many of his cleverest revelations. When Napper Tandy's son is found accepting from an alien and detested government the office of a stipendiary magistrate, we may cease to wonder at Mr. Fitzpatrick's suspicions. But the attempt that he has made to question the sincerity of a certain Mr. Todd-Jones, "one of the three Protestant gentlemen to whom the Irish Catholic Committee voted 1,500*l.* apiece in 1793," seems to us to be wholly unjustified. Mr. Jones is said to have "cordially rendered aid to the rebel cause in 1793," to have retired to England or the Continent till 1802, to have returned to Ireland, and to have been arrested in August, 1803, as a participator in Emmet's rebellion in that year, and safely lodged in jail. So satisfied was the government of the seriousness of his guilt, that he was detained in prison till October, 1805, when, Irish disaffection being no longer dangerous, he was released. It is hard to imagine a completer or more consistent record of ten years' treason. Yet, apparently for no better reason than that Jones was a friend not only of Emmet but of Lady Moira, who was rather addicted to playing with fire, Mr. Fitzpatrick considers that "less excuse is needed for this effort to embrace "a long-neglected figure and one not uninteresting for 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

In the year 1794 the purest patriot was in no less danger among his friends than among his enemies; for the world was as much on the lookout for spies as Mr. Fitzpatrick himself. An amusing proof of the general distrust that then prevailed is shown by the fact that Hamilton Rowan, one of the actual leaders of rebellion, who had fled from prison, and on whose head a price of 1,000*l.* was set by the English govern-

ment when he had escaped by a miracle to free and friendly France, was arrested immediately on landing at Brest and lodged for some time in the hulks.¹ An amusing story is told by Plowden² of another informer who,

after an interview with the Irish Privy Council, was equipped at the expense of Dublin Castle with a showy rebel uniform, including a cocked hat and feathers, and sent on a mission to Belfast to seduce and betray. An orderly dragoon repaired with instructions to General Sir Charles Ross, who commanded in Belfast, that Houlton was a confidential agent, and was not to be molested. Houlton, however, having started in a chaise and four, arrived at Belfast in advance of the orderly, and the result was that, when in the act of declaiming treason at a tavern, he was arrested by the local authorities, paraded in his uniform round the town, and sent back a prisoner to Dublin!

Mr. Fitzpatrick, as a rule, is far more astute than the Irish "authorities," or even the French police. But one of the most curious Irish "bulls," for we do not know how otherwise to speak of it, that we have ever come across, is his description of Christ Church Cathedral — a description which deserves to take its place among the happiest recorded efforts of the kind in Irish literature or legend. For this interesting church is said to be "a Protestant cathedral in Dublin used by the Catholics until the Reformation" (p. 167). What places of worship were used by the Protestants in Dublin, or elsewhere, in the days before the Reformation we do not know, but we suspect that a desire to point out the wickedness of Protestant worship in a Catholic cathedral has led Mr. Fitzpatrick into this interesting exhibition of that curious want of humor which so often distinguishes the cleverest and wittiest of his countrymen.³

¹ Autobiography of Hamilton Rowan, p. 220.

² Post-Union History, i. 223.

³ Dublin shares with Saragossa and one or two other cities in the world the honor of possessing two cathedrals. Christ Church was founded by the Danes, restored by the Normans, and practically rebuilt in 1871-9, subsequently to the disendowment of the Irish Church. St. Patrick's, a somewhat less ancient foundation, was completely restored — also by private liberality — in 1865-9.

For three-quarters of a century the betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald remained unknown to history. And considering how few persons were acquainted with the movements of the rebel lord at the time of his arrest, and the immense interest which the circumstance aroused, the identity of the actual betrayer, who was a man well known among the trusted friends and companions of the rebel leaders, must certainly be counted among the best-kept secrets of modern times. Almost every man, indeed, among Lord Edward's friends and associates, always excepting the real culprit, seems to have been at some time suspected of having given the information that led to the capture. "From my mention of these particulars respecting *Neilson*," says Moore, "it cannot fail to have struck the reader that some suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald attaches to this man." And this suspicion is taken as certainly by Maxwell in his "History of the Irish Rebellion." Colonel Miles Byrne failed to endorse the imputation on Neilson, but did not hesitate to declare that Lord Edward had been betrayed by *Reynolds*, a United Irishman, to the agents of government. The flaming patriot, Walter Cox, often states in his magazine that *Laurence Tighe* was the betrayer of the Geraldine chief. Mark O'Callaghan, in his "Life of O'Connell," brands *John Hughes* as the man who received 1,000*l.* for Lord Edward's blood, thus endorsing the indictment previously framed by Dr. Madden. Dr. Brennan, in the *Milesian Magazine*, and Reynolds, in his life of his father, both accuse *Murphy*, at whose house the capture was effected, of having given the information; and the evidence against a man of the name of *Felix Rourke* was considered to be so convincing, that he is said to have narrowly escaped death at the hands of his comrades. Suspicion also fell upon a certain *Mr. Ogilvie*, who, as a near connection, visited Lord Edward in Thomas Street, a few days

before the arrest, and transacted business with him. "Dr. Madden," writes the Rev. James Mills, "mentions a train of circumstances which seem to fasten the imputation on Hughes."¹ But some years afterwards, in his new edition, Madden suggests that one *Joel Hulbert* was the real culprit.² And, finally, as late as the year 1889, Mr. Ross, editor of the "Cornwallis Papers," who was allowed to ransack the archives at Dublin Castle, writes: "The man who gave the information that led to his (Lord Edward's) arrest received 1,000*l.*, but his name has never transpired."³ Among all these the name of the real informer has never been mentioned.

On May 18, 1798, Ireland was on the very eve of rebellion. The rising had been fixed for the 23rd. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was to have the chief command. The members of the Privy Council were to be murdered. An Irish republic was to be proclaimed. The proclamation itself was actually written. The arrest of Lord Edward, whose experience as a soldier, whose position as a Protestant, and whose name as a Fitzgerald, made him especially dangerous, was a matter of transcendent importance. Reynolds, the principal government informer, was unwilling to betray his hiding-place. Police, of course, there was none, but another and more secret spy was provided by the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, Francis Higgins.

The visitor to modern Dublin, as he is driven along the poorest and most neglected of the quays that lead from the centre of the town to the King's Bridge Railway Station and the Phoenix Park, can hardly fail to notice a dreary stone building — too low for a manufactory, too bleak for a residence, too large for a counting-house — shrinking back, as it were, from the pestilential mud of the Liffey that flows foul and turbid below it. The building is a charitable refuge for Dublin mendicants. This is

But, like Westminster Abbey and York Minster, they were both no doubt used by the Catholics before the Reformation.

¹ *Lives of Illustrious Irishmen*, vi. 51.

² *I.* 85, ii. 443.

³ *Cornwallis Correspondence*, ed. 1889, vol. ii., p. 341, note 3.

all that is now left of Moira House, where the patriot earl and his beautiful and witty countess entertained the flower of Dublin society and coquetted at a safe distance with Irish treason in the last years of the eighteenth century. It was here that the still more lovely Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, stayed with her noble friends in Usher's Island. In Usher's Island, too, at No. 20, but a few doors from Moira House, lived Francis Magan, master of arts and barrister-at-law, together with his sister — true patriots both, and trusted friends of the leaders of the revolt. For some time Lord Edward Fitzgerald¹ had lodged in the house of a man named Moore, in Thomas Street, not far from Usher's Island, but having received a timely hint from a faithful carpenter that this hiding-place was discovered, Moore abruptly quitted Dublin, having confided his precious charge to the care of his daughter, and her friends and neighbors, Mr. and Miss Magan. Francis Magan and his sister were well known and respected by Miss Moore, who conferred with them on the subject; and an arrangement was made that Lord Edward should move on the night of Friday, May 18, from Moore's in Thomas Street, to Usher's Island, and should occupy a bedroom in Magan's house. But it was suggested that as two or three people knocking at his hall door in Usher's Island might attract attention, it would be safer to admit them by the stable in Island Street, immediately behind the house. The government received information of the intended visit, and Major Sirr, the town marshal, with a guard of soldiers, proceeded to the spot. A conflict between the parties took place, and in the confusion Lord Edward was able to make good his escape.

On the day after Magan's apparently humane arrangement with Miss Moore he called at her house, anxiously inquiring if aught had happened, as he had waited up until the small hours, and yet Lord Edward did not come! Miss Moore, not suspecting Magan, replied: "We were stopped in Wat-

ling Street; we hurried back to Thomas Street, where we providentially succeeded in getting Lord Edward a room at Murphy's." Mr. Magan, satisfied by the explanation, leisurely withdrew, but, no doubt, quickened his gait on reaching the street.

Between five and six o'clock the same evening Major Swan, the chief of the police, Sirr, the town major, with Captain Ryan and half-a-dozen soldiers in plain clothes, proceeded to Murphy's house. Sirr and the soldiers kept guard at the door, while Swan and Ryan walked up-stairs. Lord Edward, who was lying down as the officers entered his room, refused to surrender to their warrant, and, snapping a pistol at Swan, rushed forward and struck him a deadly blow with a dagger, and then turning upon Ryan, he stabbed him again and again with the most savage and fatal ferocity. Sirr, coming up-stairs rather tardily, fired at Lord Edward as he was on the point of escaping; the bullet struck him in the shoulder, and thus disabled he was secured by the soldiers. In his room was found the showy green uniform of the commander-in-chief of the Irish rebel army, and a sketch of the plan for the surprise of Dublin four days later. Captain Ryan was mortally wounded, Major Swan recovered, Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in prison. The information, as we now know, had been given by Magan,² who, on the very night that his chief lay a bleeding captive in Newgate, was the subject of a special vote in a special assembly of the United Irish Lodge of Dublin, when he was raised by the unanimous voice of his comrades to a post of peculiar honor! Yet this man was in the employment of the great contractor for secret intelligence, Francis Higgins, for Higgins claimed and received 1,000*l.* for the capture. How much of this he may have given to the actual informer we cannot know, but Magan himself received a secret pension of 300*l.* a year.

It is sufficiently remarkable that the spies and informers of the Irish rebellion were chiefly persons of what is

¹ Moira House — The Mendicity Institution — is now numbered 9 Usher's Island.

² The trusted emissary from Lord Edward to his wife, who was at the time a guest at Moira House, but nine doors from Magan's more humble abode.

called superior position. The hands of the peasants and shopkeepers, among whom the leading rebels ever found a sure refuge, were never defiled with the blood-money of the Castle. Francis Magan was no common body. He was one of the first Roman Catholic barristers that were "called" after the Relief Bill of 1793; a gentleman not only of approved patriotism, but of approved social position. As a member of patriotic societies, and a speaker at patriotic meetings, he at all times took his part against government in debates and divisions, and posed as the champion of popular rights and popular liberties. And over fourteen years after the betrayal in Thomas Street, after fifty-seven quarterly payments of pension had been paid to the informer, among the signatories of the notice convening the great national meeting for December, 1812, to protest against the wickedness of the English government, we find the honored names of Daniel O'Connell and Francis Magan.¹ Magan is said to have been "a tall, gentlemanlike man," "the very pink of propriety," "wearing an aspect highly demure and proper," and "holding his head high in society." A man, indeed, "with a nice sense of honor," though at times "unduly sensitive and even retiring." He died as he had lived, with the utmost respectability, in the year 1843, much admired by his contemporaries, and providing by his will for the perpetual celebration of a yearly mass for the repose of his soul, to be said by all the priests of the Church of SS. Michael and John in Dublin. The remainder of his savings, which passed to his sister, amounted to no less than £14,000*l.* in ready money, to say nothing of some landed property in the neighborhood of Dublin. His nice sense of honor had not been without its reward.

His friend and employer, Francis Higgins, was a man of a very different stamp, and one whose history is even

more characteristic of the times in which they lived. He was born in a cellar in Dublin, and having from a shoeblack become an errand boy, and from an errand boy a scrivener, he contrived, by a daring manufacture of fictitious title deeds, to persuade a Roman Catholic priest that he was entitled to large estates on the death of a hard-hearted relation. Born a Roman Catholic, he was early converted to the faith of the Established Church, and he was able to recommend himself to the good graces of Father Shortall by a pious reversion. Introduced by the priest into the family of a rich merchant of his own religion, this "sham squire" endeavored to abduct the citizen's daughter, and having been sent to gaol for the offence, he made the best of his time in wooing and winning the daughter of his gaoler in Dublin, rich from the plunder of prisoners! Discharged from custody, he was admitted a solicitor—the rules cannot have been very strict in Ireland in those days—and he soon afterwards acquired, by some money-lending fraud, the ownership of a Dublin daily newspaper, a newspaper which still exists, the *Freeman's Journal*. His literary and political services were promptly placed at the disposal of the Duke of Rutland, and his good offices were rewarded in 1787 by the lucrative post of sub-sheriff of the county of Dublin. As an officer of the law and a minion of the government, Higgins, soon afterwards appointed justice of the peace, was not qualified to be an informer, and he can scarcely be called a spy; yet he was so much mixed up with the information and the espionage of the last years of the eighteenth century in Dublin, that his name is constantly cropping up in the dark alleys of contemporary history as the friend and correspondent of such spies as O'Leary, as the employer of such informers as Magan, as "the honest broker" in every species of dirty work; as a man who was known to be ready to pay for information, or to get it paid for by others; a man whom it was dangerous to offend—if not over safe to trust. Shrewd, daring, well-informed, experienced, rich, he was a

¹ Yet, in 1821, Magan was bold enough to accept the incongruous post of commissioner for enclosing commons under an act of George IV. To plunder the enemy is ever accounted a virtue in Irish politics! But to oust the people from their common lands was surely strange employment for a patriot.

man no less contemptible, no less clever, and no less shameless than the McNevins and the McNallys, the Magans and the Turners, whom he employed; wiser, no doubt, than the Tones, and the Fitzgeralds, and the Tandys whom he pursued; nearly as coarse as Lord Norbury, nearly as avaricious as Lord Somerton, nearly as unscrupulous as Lord Annesley. Francis Higgins was a characteristic product of the times when Ireland, making and administering her own laws, devoted, we are told, a noble freedom to the development of a national glory. Had it not been for Pitt and his secret service, those halcyon days might have lasted for another century.

The last of the informers to whom we shall call attention upon the present occasion is a man differing widely from those with whom he is classed by Mr. Fitzpatrick, in that, instead of a renegade rebel systematically selling the secrets of his companions, he was a loyal soldier, discovering to his superior officer the movements of the common enemy. For this, says Mr. Lecky, his memory has ever since been pursued with untiring hatred. Mr. Fitzpatrick speaks of him as a vampire and a scoundrel, and denounces his sickening conduct, "scenting the hot blood of his victims," and "battening on his blood-money" after the "butchery and the immolation" of the brothers Sheares, whose execution, after trial and conviction by a Dublin jury, was only comparable, we are told, to the destruction of the Quintilians by the cruelty of Commodus. To compare Commodus with the Court of Queen's Bench is sufficiently daring. To compare the loyal consuls of ancient Rome, the friends of the pious Antonines, the faithful governors of a contented province, with the bloodthirsty and bankrupt authors of the proclamation of May, 1798,¹ is even more extravagant.

¹ This sanguinary proclamation is given at length in Howell's "State Trials," xxvii., pp. 324-326, and in Madden's "History of the United Irishmen," vol. iv. Thrice are the rebel Irish exhorted to slay without mercy every supporter of the detested government of Ireland. The proclamation breathes the most savage spirit of the French Revolution, of

But Mr. Fitzpatrick, even in his quotations, is mild and gentle in his language compared with Mr. Madden,² who speaks of Captain Armstrong's "abominable villainies," of the "baseness of his perfidy, which has attached an amount of obloquy to his name and memory that never can be diminished or removed;" of "the terrible and unparalleled iniquity of his conduct." "Where," says this writer, "among the blood-money dealers, traffickers in broken vows and oaths, dabblers in sedition for the sake of lucre, the sly, stealthy, insidious plotters, of all history, where shall we find a miscreant of this class that may realize the *hideous reality of baseness of John Armstrong?*"

In the early part of May, 1798, the imperial power in Ireland seemed to be at its lowest ebb. The ministerial councils were divided; the commander-in-chief had resigned. There were signs of disaffection even among the students of Trinity College. A French invasion was hourly expected, and there was scarcely a regiment of regular troops left in Ireland to oppose them. The country was armed and drilled. A quarter of a million of men, it is said, were actually enrolled in the rebel army. A number of the leaders, indeed, had been arrested on March 12, but the blow had not been followed up, and a new Directory had been formed in Dublin. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, John and Henry Sheares, and William Lawless, the most important of the rebel leaders, were still at large. On May 10, John Warneford Armstrong, a country gentleman, and captain of the King's County Regiment of Militia, then encamped at Loughlinstown, near Dublin, expressing himself somewhat rashly about the condition of the country in a bookseller's shop in Dublin, where he was making some purchases, was surprised to receive an invitation from the shopkeeper to meet Henry Sheares on a matter of interest and importance. Armstrong consented, but previous to the interview he took the precaution to

whose principles and practices the Sheares were such enthusiastic admirers.

² Lives of United Irishmen, vol. iv., p. 341.

consult his commanding officer, who recommended him to make the most of the opportunity that had so strangely presented itself to learn all he could of the rebel plans. Armstrong, by his loose talk, had deceived the bookseller. But he spared no pains to deceive Sheares, who introduced him to his brother and to Lawless, and in time disclosed to him the secrets of the rebel organization. The charge against him, not without foundation, was that he obtained their confidence under the guise of friendship. A most painful position, if it was a duty, to a man of honor.

The outbreak was no longer to be delayed. The camp at Loughlinstown was to be surprised, Dublin was to be captured, the Irish republic was to be proclaimed; the lord-lieutenant was to be seized in the Castle, the privy councillors were to be secured in their houses. A proclamation in Sheares's handwriting was already prepared — *no quarter was to be given to any supporter of the English government.* The military organization of the rebels was complete, the officers had all been appointed. There were United Irishmen in every barrack-room in Ireland, and a meeting had lately been held in Dublin of deputies from nearly every militia regiment in the country, including that of Armstrong himself. He was urged to bring over his entire regiment, and was authorized to promise to every soldier who joined the conspiracy that he should receive a portion of confiscated land in his own county. All this was from time to time communicated by Captain Armstrong to Colonel L'Estrange, and by Colonel L'Estrange to Lord Castlereagh. The government, at last fully warned and accurately informed, undertook the disarmament of Dublin. On May 19 Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken; Lawless escaped to France. John and Henry Sheares were arrested on the morning of the 20th. Armstrong, at the earnest desire of Lord Castlereagh, had dined with them the evening before. The plot was discovered and foiled, Dublin at least was saved. The rebellion in the country, premature and undisci-

plined, was suppressed. And on July 4 John and Henry Sheares were arraigned before the Special Commission to stand their trial for high treason. The only witness to their offence was John Armstrong. But his evidence was sufficient, and the brothers were convicted and hanged. The Sheareses, as Mr. Lecky has justly remarked, were very commonplace conspirators, men of broken fortunes and wild aspirations; sanguinary in their schemes of rebellion, reckless in their modes of action, and abject cowards in the hour of death. Yet their influence was great while they lived; and the memory of their martyrdom is green, after a hundred years, in rebel Ireland.

For his service in bringing them to justice, and saving Dublin from massacre, Captain Armstrong was awarded the freedom of the city of Dublin, received the marked thanks of his regiment, and obtained a government pension of 500*l.* a year. That, at least, he should have refused. He lived to a good old age "in a district specially burrowed by agrarian crime;" but although the life of the "bold betrayer" was spared by his neighbors, Armstrong was constantly exposed to petty insults, not so much at the hands of the peasantry, with whom we are told he grew exceedingly popular, and who wept at the news of his death, but from those "persons of superior position" who have ever been the disgrace and the despair of the people of Ireland. A *reverend* pamphleteer of the year 1807 records that "soon after he gave his ever-memorable evidence he was afflicted with a fistula in the face, which rendered him as remarkable as Cain is *supposed to have been* after the murder of his brother."

Commodus and Lord Clare! Captain Armstrong and Cain! — thus is Irish history ever written in Ireland. For the rebels and cut-throats of the time, for the vain and sanguinary leaders of an ignorant multitude, for the very butchers of Prosperous and Scullabogue, no word of condemnation is to be found. Nay more, the wretched spies and informers who traded upon their repu-

tation for disloyalty to betray their comrades — O'Leary, with his "noble sentiments," and Magan, with his "nice sense of honor" — these are dismissed with but a scanty reprobation; while all the artillery of invective is brought to bear upon a man like Armstrong, who, being in the service of the crown, faced danger and obloquy to save his countrymen from organized murder, and his country from revolution.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MY WITCHES' CALDRON.

IV.

I SUPPOSE the outer circuit of my own very limited wanderings must have been reached at the age of thirteen or thereabouts, when my father took me and my little sister for the grand tour of Europe. We had of course lived in Paris and spent our summers in quiet sunny country places abroad with our grandparents, but this was to be something different from anything we had ever known before at St. Germain's or Montmorenci among the donkeys; Switzerland, and Venice, and Vienna, Germany and the Rhine! our young souls thrilled with expectation. And yet those early feasts of life are not unlike the miracle of the loaves and fishes; the twelve basketfuls that remain in after years are certainly even more precious than the feast itself.

We started one sleety summer morning. My father was pleased to be off and with our happiness. He had bought a grey wideawake hat for the journey, and he had a new sketch-book in his pocket, besides two smaller ones for us, which he produced as the steamer was starting. We sailed from London Bridge, and the decks were all wet and slippery as we came on board. We were scatter-brained little girls, although we looked demure enough in our mushroom and waterproofs. We had also prepared a travelling trousseau, which consisted of miscellaneous articles belonging to the fancy goods department of things in general, rather than to the usual outfit of an English

gentleman's family. I was not without some diffidence about my luggage. I remember a draught-board, a large wooden work-box, a good many books, paint-boxes, and other odds and ends; but I felt that whatever else might be deficient our *new bonnets* would bring us triumphantly out of every crisis. They were alike, but with a difference of blue and pink wreaths of acacia, and brilliant in ribbons to match, at a time when people affected less dazzling colors than they do now. Of course these treasures were not for the Channel and its mischances; they were carefully packed away and guarded by the draught-boards and work-boxes and the other contents of our trunk, and I may as well conclude the episode at once, for it is not quite without bearing upon what I am trying to recall. Alas for human expectations! When the happy moment came at last, and we had reached foreign parts and issued out of the hotel dressed and wreathed and triumphantly splendid, my father said: "My dear children, go back and put those bonnets away in your box, and don't ever wear them any more! Why you would be mobbed in these places if you walked out alone with such ribbons!" How the sun shone as he spoke; how my heart sank under the acacia-trees. My sister was eleven years old, and didn't care a bit; but at thirteen and fourteen one's clothes begin to strike root. I felt disgraced, beheaded of my lovely bonnet, utterly crushed, and I turned away to hide my tears.

Now, there is a passage in the life of Charles Kingsley which, as I believe, concerned this very time and journey; and I am amused as I remember the tragedy of my bonnet to think of the different sacrifices which men and women have to pay to popular prejudice, casting their head-gear into the flames just as the people did in the times of Romola. We had started by the packet-boat from London Bridge, as I have said, and immediately we came on board we had been kindly greeted by a family group already established there, an elderly gentleman in clerical dress and a lady sitting with an umbrella in the

drizzle of rain and falling smuts from the funnel. This was the Kingsley family, consisting of the rector of Chelsea and his wife and his two sons (Charles Kingsley was the elder of the two), then going abroad for his health. It will now be seen that my recollections concern more historical headaddresses than our unlucky bonnets; associations which William Tell himself might not have disdained. Mr. Kingsley and his brother were wearing brown felt hats with very high and pointed crowns, and with very broad brims, of a different shape from my father's commonplace felt. The hats worn by Mr. Kingsley and his brother were more like those well-known brims and peaks which have crowned so many poets' heads since then.

It was a stormy crossing; the waves were curling unpleasantly round about the boat; I sat by Mrs. Kingsley, miserable, uncomfortable, and watching in a dazed and hypnotized sort of way the rim of Charles Kingsley's hat as it rose and fell against the horrible horizon. He stood before us holding on to some ropes, and the horizon rose and fell, and the steamer pitched and tossed, and it seemed as if time stood still. But we reached those further shores at last, and parted from our companions, and very soon afterwards my father told us with some amusement of the adventure which befell Mr. Charles Kingsley and his brother almost as soon as they landed and after they had parted from their parents. They were arrested by the police, who did not like the shape of their wideawakes. I may as well give the story in Mr. Kingsley's own words, which I found in his life in an extract from a letter written immediately after the event to Mrs. Charles Kingsley at home:—

“Here we are at Treves,” he says, “having been brought there under arrest with a gendarme from the mayor of Gettesburg, and liberated next morning with much laughter and many curses from the police here. However, we had the pleasure of spending a night in prison among fleas and felons, on the bare floor. The barbarians took our fishing-tackle for *Todt-instrumenten* and

our wideawakes for Italian hats, and got it into their addle-pates that we were emissaries of Mazzini.”

Perhaps I can find some excuse for the “addle-pates” when I remember that proud and eager head, and that bearing so full of character and energy. One can imagine the author of “*Alton Locke*” not finding very great favor with foreign mouchards and gendarmes, and suggesting indefinite terrors and suspicions to their minds.

Fortunately for the lovers of nature, unfortunately for autobiographers, the dates of the years as they pass are not written up in big letters on the blue vaults overhead, though the seasons themselves are told in turn by the clouds and lights and by every waving tree and every country glade. And so, though one remembers the aspect of things, the years are apt to get a little shifted at times, and I cannot quite tell whether it was this year or that one following in which we found ourselves still in glorious summer weather returning home from distant places, and coming back by Germany and by Weimar.

In common with most children, the stories of our father's youth always delighted and fascinated us, and we had often heard him speak of his own early days at college and in Germany, and of his happy stay at Pumpernickel-Weimar, where he went to court and saw the great Goethe and was in love with the beautiful Amalia von X. And now coming to Weimar we found ourselves actually *alive* in his past somehow, almost living it alongside with him, just like Gogo in Mr. du Maurier's story. I suddenly find myself walking up the centre of an empty, shady street, and my father is pointing to a row of shutters on the first floor of a large and comfortable-looking house, “That is where Frau von X. used to live,” he said. “How kind she was to us, and what a pretty girl Amalia was.” And then a little further on we passed the house in the sunshine of a *plaz* in which he told us he himself had lodged with a friend; and then we came to the palace with the soldiers and sentries looking

like toys wound up from the Burlington Arcade and going backwards and forwards with their spikes in front of their own striped boxes; and we saw the acacia-trees with their cropped heads, and the iron gates; and we went across the courtyard into the palace and were shown the ballroom and the smaller saloons, and we stood on the shining floors and beheld the classic spot where for the first and only time in all his life, I believe, my father had invited the lovely Amalia to waltz. And then coming away all absorbed and delighted with our experiences in living backwards, my father suddenly said, "I wonder if old Weissenborne is still alive? He used to teach me German." And lo! as he spoke a tall, thin old man, in a broad-brimmed straw hat with a beautiful Pomeranian poodle running before him came stalking along with a newspaper under his arm. "Good gracious, that looks like—yes, that *is* Doctor Weissenborne. He is hardly changed a bit," said my father, stopping short for a moment, and then he too stepped forward quickly with an outstretched hand, and the old man in turn stopped, stared, frowned. "I am Thackeray, my name is Thackeray," said my father eagerly and shyly as was his way; and after another stare from the doctor, suddenly came a friendly lighting up and exclaiming and welcoming and hand-shaking and laughing, while the pretty white dog leapt up and down as much interested as we were in the meeting.

"You have grown so grey I did not know you at first," said the doctor in English. And my father laughed and said he was a great deal greyer now than the doctor himself; then he introduced us to the old man, who shook us gravely by the finger-tips with a certain austere friendliness, and once more he turned again with a happy, kind, grim face to my father. Yes, he had followed his career with interest; he had heard of him from this man and that man; he had read one of his books—not all. Why had he never sent any, why had he never come back before? "You must bring your misses and all come

and breakfast at my lodging," said Dr. Weissenborne.

"And is this your old dog?" my father asked, after accepting the doctor's invitation. Dr. Weissenborne shook his head. Alas! the old dog was no more, he died two years before. Meanwhile the young dog was very much there, frisking and careering in cheerful circles round about us. The doctor and his dog had just been starting for their daily walk in the woods when they met us and they now invited us to accompany them. We called at the lodging by the way to announce our return to breakfast and then started off together for the park. The park (I am writing of years and years ago) was a bright green little wood, with leaves and twigs and cheerful lights, with small trees not very thickly planted on the steep slopes, with many narrow paths wandering into green depths, and with seats erected at intervals along the way. On one of these seats the old professor showed us an inscription cut deep into the wood with a knife, "*Doctor W. and his dog.*" Who had carved it! He did not know. But besides this inscription, on every one of the benches where Goethe used to rest, and on every tree which used to shade his head, was written another inscription, invisible indeed, and yet which we seemed to read all along the way, "Here Goethe's life was spent; here he walked, here he rested; his feet have passed to and fro along this narrow pathway. It leads to his garden-house."

It was lovely summer weather as I have said, that weather which used to be so common when one was young, and which I dare say our children still discover now, though we cannot always enjoy it. We came back with our friend the doctor and breakfasted with him in his small apartment, in a room full of books, at a tiny table drawn to an open window; then after breakfast we sat in the professor's garden among the nasturtiums. My sister and I were given books to read; they were translations for the use of students, I remember; and the old friends smoked together and talked over a hundred things. Amalia

was married and had several children ; she was away. Madame von Goethe was still in Weimar with her sons, and Fraulein von Pogwische, her sister, was also there. "They would be delighted to see you again," said the professor. "We will go together, and leave the young misses here till our return." But not so ; our father declared we also must be allowed to come. My recollections (according to the wont of such provoking things) here begin to fail me, and in the one particular which is of any interest, for though we visited Goethe's old house I can scarcely remember it at all, only that the doctor said Madame von Goethe had moved after Goethe's death. She lived in a handsome house in the town, with a fine staircase running up between straight walls, and leading into a sort of open hall where, amid a good deal of marble and stateliness, stood two little, unpretending ladies by a big round table piled with many books and papers. The ladies were Madame de Goethe and her sister. Doctor Weissenborne went first and announced an old friend, and then ensued more welcomings and friendly exclamations and quick recognitions on both sides, benevolently superintended by our Virgil. "And are you both as fond of reading novels as ever?" my father asked. The ladies laughed ; they said, "Yes, in deed," and pointed to a boxful of books which had just arrived, with several English novels among them, which they had been unpacking as we came in. Then the sons of the house were sent for,—kind and friendly and unassuming young men, walking in, and as much interested and pleased to witness their parents' pleasure as we were ; not handsome, with nothing of their grandfather's noble aspect (as one sees it depicted), but with most charming and courteous ways. One was a painter, the mother told us, the other a musician. And while my father talked to the elder ladies, the young men took us younger ones in hand. They offered to show us the celebrated garden-house and asked us to drink tea there next day. And so it happened that once more we found our-

selves being conducted through the little shady wood. But to be walking there with Goethe's family, with his grandsons and their mother, the Ottilie who had held the dying poet's hand to the last ; to be going to his favorite resort where so much of his time was spent ; to hear him so familiarly quoted and spoken of was something like hearing a distant echo of the great voice itself ; something like seeing the skirts of his dressing-gown just waving before us. And at the age I was then impressions are so vivid that I have always all my life had a vague feeling of having been in Goethe's presence. We seemed to find something of it everywhere, most of all in the little garden-house, in the bare and simple room where he used to write. One of the kind young men went to the window and showed us something on the pane. What it was I know not clearly, but I think it was his name written with a diamond ; and finally in the garden, at a wooden table, among trees and dancing shadows, we drank our tea, and I remember Wolfgang von Goethe handing a teacup, and the look of it, and suddenly the whole thing vanishes. There was a certain simple dignity and hospitality in it all which seems to belong to all the traditions of hospitable Weimar, and my father's pleasure and happy emotion gave a value and importance to every tiny detail of that short but happy time. Even the people at the inn remembered him, and came out to greet him ; but, only, alas for human nature ! they sent in such an enormous bill as we were departing on the evening of the second day, that he exclaimed in dismay to the waiter, "So much for sentimental recollections ! Tell the host I shall never be able to afford to come back to Weimar again."

The waiter stared ; I wonder if he delivered the message. The hotel bill I have just mentioned was a real disappointment to my father, and, alas for disillusion ! another more serious shock, a meeting which was no meeting, somewhat dashed the remembrance of Amalia von X.

It happened at Venice, a year or two

after our visit to Weimar. We were breakfasting at a long table where a fat lady also sat a little way off, with a pale, fat little boy beside her. She was stout, she was dressed in light green, she was silent, she was eating an egg. The *sala* of the great marble hotel was shaded from the blaze of sunshine, but stray gleams shot across the dim hall, falling on the palms and the orange-trees beyond the lady, who gravely shifted her place as the sunlight dazzled her. Our own meal was also spread, and my sister and I were only waiting for my father to begin. He came in presently, saying he had been looking at the guest-book in the outer hall, and he had seen a name which had interested him very much. "Frau von Z. Geboren von X. It must be Amalia! She must be *here*—in the hotel," he said; and as he spoke he asked a waiter whether Madame von Z. was still in the hotel. "I believe that is Madame von Z.," said the waiter, pointing to the fat lady. The lady looked up and then went on with her egg, and my poor father turned away saying in a low, overwhelmed voice, "*That* Amalia! That cannot be Amalia." I could not understand his silence, his discomposure. Aren't you going to speak to her? Oh, please do go and speak to her!" we both cried. "Do make sure if it is Amalia." But he shook his head. "I can't," he said; "I had rather not." Amalia, meanwhile having finished her egg, rose deliberately, put down her napkin and walked away, followed by her little boy.

Things don't happen altogether at the same time; they don't quite begin or end all at once. Once more I heard of Amalia long years afterwards, when by a happy, hospitable chance I met Dr. Norman MacLeod at the house of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe. I was looking at him, and thinking that in some indefinable way he put me in mind of the past, when he suddenly asked me if I knew that he and my father had been together as boys at Weimar, learning German from the same professor, and both in love with the same beautiful girl. "What, Amalia! Dr. Weissenborne?" I cried.

"Dear me! do you know about Amalia?" said Dr. MacLeod, "and do you know about old Weissenborne? I thought I was the only person left to remember them. We all learnt from Weissenborne, we were all in love with Amalia, every one of us, your father too! What happy days those were!" And then he went on to tell us that years and years afterwards, when they met again on the occasion of one of the lecturing tours in Scotland, he, Dr. MacLeod, and the rest of the notabilities were all assembled to receive the lecturer on the platform, and as my father came by carrying his papers and advancing to take his place at the reading-desk, he recognized Dr. MacLeod as he passed, and in the face of all the audience he bent forward and said gravely, without stopping one moment on his way, "*Ich liebe Amalia doch*," and so went on to deliver his lecture.

Dr. MacLeod also met Amalia once again in after life, and to him, too, had come a disillusion. He, too, had been overwhelmed and shocked by the change of years. Poor lady! I can't help being very sorry for her, to have had two such friends and not to have kept them seems a cruel fate. To have been so charming, that her present seemed but a calumny upon the past. It is like the story of the woman who flew into a fury with her own portrait, young, smiling, and triumphant, and who destroyed it, so as not to be taunted by the past any more. Let us hope that Frau von Z. was never conscious of her loss, never looked upon this picture and on that.

Since writing all this, I have found an old letter from my father to his mother, and written from Weimar. It is dated 29th September, 1830. "There is a capital library here," he says, "which is open to me, an excellent theatre which costs a shilling a night, and a charming *petite société* which costs nothing. Goethe, the great lion of Weimar, I have not yet seen, but his daughter-in-law has promised to introduce me." Then he describes going to court: "I have had to air my legs in black breeches and to sport a black coat,

black waistcoat, and cock-hat, looking something like a cross between a footman and a Methodist parson.

"We have had three operas," he goes on: "'Medea' and the 'Barber of Seville' and the 'Flauto Magico.' Hüm-mel conducts the orchestra [then comes a sketch of Hüm-mel with huge shirt collars]. The orchestra is excellent but the singers are not first-rate." Amalia must have had rivals, even in those early days, for this same letter goes on to say: "I have fallen in love with the Princess of Weimar, who is unluckily married to Prince Charles of Prussia. I must get over this unfortunate passion which will otherwise, I fear, bring me to an untimely end. There are several very charming young persons of the female sex here, Miss Amalia von X., and ditto von Pappenheim are the evening belles."

"Of winter nights," says my father in the other well-known letter which is printed in Lewes's "Life of Goethe," "we used to charter sedan chairs in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant court entertainments. I for my part was fortunate enough to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume and still hangs in my study,¹ and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful." ANNE RITCHIE.

¹ So he wrote in 1855, but a few years after he gave the sword to a friend for whom he had a great affection, and who carried it back to America as a token of good-will and sympathy. This friend was Bayard Taylor, a true knight, and worthy to carry the honorable bloodless weapon.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
AT THE FARM BY THE SEA.

Magpie Hill: Wednesday night.—A star, brilliant as though a slash were made in the purple sky, glitters over the thatch of my farm; the moon is clouded and the wind is high. It is long, long since I have seen the night; one cannot see it in London for the houses. All have gone to bed, and I step out on to the pebbles under my verandah, where the fowls cluck in the morning and the churn stands idle. The peace of it!

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only the wind in the trees, as though the little elves there were clapping their green and slender hands.

August 6. — I find a way down a rutty green lane, and then over a rickety gate, through cornfields waving yellow against the blue sea and the dazzling cliff; and so down a broken warren to a lonely bay, where the sea lunges at me with a mighty laziness. A gipsy tent flaps among the tumbled rocks, and little maidens with stiff pigtails run out of it with a shrill and pretty clamor to bathe. Here I will rest a while and read good books. I begin with Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir." In the farm I can only find the *Penny Magazine* for 1832.

August 7. — No one comes near me all day, except two little pink girls who rap timidly on the door and beg milk. I have seen them and their party all the morning, sitting on the down under the lee of a hedge; for the wind rages at me as though jealous of my peace, and trying to tear me out of it.

In the post-office I meet a breathless old man in a battered sort of haymaking hat, who, on my inquiry, offers to show me the way to the Roman villa. So we go that way together, and I carry his carpet camp-stool, while he puffs and wheezes over his enormous rumped shirt. Is not pleased with the neighborhood of Magpie Hill, finds no society, no sympathy, nothing congenial; fact is, if one has been accustomed to the free interchange of thought in one of the best suburbs (comes from Upper Tooting, he does), the country does not do. Not so much health he has been after these past three months, he says solemnly, as something deeper, something more spiritual; and he ain't found it; and he wheezes about sympathy and higher thoughts, and wipes a corrugated brow. I take him for an amateur preacher of the well-meaning sort, and am not surprised to find he was two-and-twenty years in the corporation offices, and had millions passing through his fat hands, that now grasp an ancient umbrella and an exceedingly dirty bundle of papers.

When I return from finding the Roman villa shut up, there he sits on his

camp-stool by the roadside, puzzling over a guessing competition. Do I ever go in for 'em? He does, and as often as not gets 'em right, having had a lot of practice. Now, how many words do I suppose he made out of *Northern Whig*? Now, guess. I make a stupendous effort, and say "Fifty." "*Five underudd and forty-seven*," says he with dignity; and his eyes disappear in laughing little bags and wrinkles at my surprise. Whereat the children playing near by at Zulus give a shrill cheer. So I leave him staring at his dingy papers in the sunset, and come home to supper across the marsh and through the dappled wood. Of all excellent pieces of nature, give me my farmer. Always busy, always cheerful, always earning his crust; either with a sickle, hacking away at the rough grass on the ragged bit of lawn, where the black and white kitten plays in front of my window; or bent double, rummaging among the potatoes; or with his broad hand thwacking the cows to bring them faster home; or carrying a world of straw on his back that is crossed with broad braces like a St. Andrew. And a pipe—always a pipe—and a straw hat, and a narrow belt of dank leather round his huge loins. He can't write, and I don't suppose can do more than spell out the capital letters; never was in London, and, indeed, never was out of the Island but once, when he crossed the water twenty years ago and came back the same day. Put him down in a copse, he says, and he knows where he is; but put him in a large town, and he sort of goes senseless. He has a brother, a gamekeeper (fine tall man) over the water; never hears from him; course he would if anything was to happen; so correspondence, which is a source of comfort to so many, is only a source of alarm and apprehension to him. You see there are a large number of people in the world to whom a letter never means anything but death or a disaster of some kind.

A ceaseless worker my farmer, even on a Sunday, and an excellent husband. Twice a week I see him driving his wife down to the village to sell the butter;

prim and contented, side by side they sit in the cart. Such men work down to the very last moment, till death, out for a country holiday, chances to look in at Magpie Hill. I knew one like him in Somersetshire. "Seems to me I don't feel s' very well," said he one morning, straightening himself up and looking frightened at the unaccustomed sensation. In a quarter of an hour he was dead.

Sunday morning.—As I climbed down the broken warren of the cliff to bathe I met the prettiest girl climbing up, positively the very prettiest. I stood aside on the jagged path to let her pass, and up she went, her eyes downcast, her smooth cheek colored by the sea. She looked like a charming sketch by Caldecott, or of the type the English painters of 1840 were so fond of. How J. J. would have loved to have painted her. I wish I may meet her again; I feel quite hopeful at the thought she may revisit my lonely bay.

The children have come, and are in and out of their cottage just above the little breakwater where the black lobster-pots are clustered, opposite the life-boat house; Belle with her tiny teeth as white as the youngest hazel-nut, and Wah with his broad aspect of an infant Henry VIII. I came upon them on the shore, this brilliant blue and white morning, to find a castle built, and Wah, fatigued with his labors, fast asleep under a cotton umbrella. The wind was blowing the sand into his shelter; it crept on to his white frock and up his solid cheeks among his tumbled hair. What is there to London children so fragrant as the sea? How well I remember the first whiffs of it at Hastings, the clatter of the new bucket and spade, the bumping of the boxes as they were carried up-stairs, the taste of the shrubs in Robertson Square, all briny with the winter waves splashed over the parade. Belle will remember all this, too, I suppose, and me helping her to build and taking the little green crabs out of the lobster-pots; as I remember, dimly, the figure of a kind uncle bringing me a flag out of the Hastings Arcade.

Tuesday.—*Vivat!* I go to play tennis at a house where I have a letter of introduction, and there, on the lawn under the flagstaff, there is my prettiest girl. The house is bright with shining windows and with clematis, the long, low slate roof is whitewashed, the gardens so brilliant with flowers that the passers-by pause to look over the green gate; and no flower brighter than she—none. And she is heart-free, too, I am sure; her eyes, her bearing, her laugh assure me of it. Before the afternoon is over I find myself wondering who may be destined to touch so frank and charming a nature, and wishing that it might be I. We part, and I stroll round to the cottage to see Wah and Belle put to bed. Wah is already gurgling happily in his cot, warm and scented from his seawater bath, over his bottle; while Belle, flushed in her white nightgown, calls to me from the window in her pretty voice to “take care of myself!” She is in the habit of calling so to her father as he sets off to the City in the morning to win her bread and butter.

August 11.—Droll ups and downs in this madcap world of ours. I was standing this morning for shelter from the rain under the verandah in front of the grocer's, next an elderly man munching bread and cheese. His basket was by his side, and seeing me look at it, he asked me quietly if I wanted any chickens or a melon? I didn't, but as the rain still splashed we fell to talking. There was an air of breeding about him in his face and in his voice, and he told me quite naturally that if people didn't want to buy he never bothered them; being himself, as he might say, a gentleman. Grandfather was Admiral Sir John Taffrail, left very little money, not being lucky in the way of prizes; but what little there was the father invested in an hotel, with disastrous results. Failure, and the family thrown on the world; and the world, having other things to think of than the grandsons of gallant admirals, just tolerates him and his basket and gives its dirty linen to his wife. So, as the skies clear, off he trudges, and I see his blunt head and trim white moustache chaffering with a

visitor at a cottage door. He is neither beaten nor humbled; he holds his basket just as his grandsire might have done, if the fortune of war had made him prisoner and forced him to peddle at Verdun. I can imagine an *émigré* bearing himself so while teaching French in a girls' school at Kensington.

Tea on the Shore.—Books to the winds; they are going to have tea on the shore among the rocks in my lonely bay, and she has asked me to join them. First we clamber after sticks, and I toil up the tumbled cliff after her pretty figure, and then we scratch a hole in the sand and make a fire. While the kettle boils we launch the boat and I sit up in the stern getting wet through, and watch the charming face grown serious in her strenuous efforts to keep the Seagull's head straight to the waves. This is better than reading Morley's “Diderot,” say I to myself. Oh, Encyclopædists, what place does love and its dawning find among your labors? I know not where I am being carried in this tossing old boat, but I know that I am happy. You cannot well be more than that in life.

I find they are my neighbors, and live in the farm close by, whose light I can see as I go out to take a turn on the verandah before going to bed. The house is covered with ivy, through which the roses over the porch peep; and along the low garden wall that runs round the little tennis-court there hangs a great purple splash of clematis. There are many gay flowers and fig-trees and apple-trees all tumbled together, and a stately rose garden, and a huge, dense hedge of filberts to break the strong west winds from off the sea. There are beehives and a dark, mysterious potting-house, and another garden gaudy with sunflowers and phlox and dahlias and anemones; and the yard with its stables, and the barrel for the setter that is her constant companion, and absorbs nearly all her affection. “Love me, love my dog.” I pat Bruce hypocritically, and proclaim him the noblest of his kind.

They make me welcome to their house; free to put my letters in the

basket in the hall for the postman to fetch in his evening trudge; free of their books in the shelves each side of the fireplace: "Household Words," Cobbett's "Register," the Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels; free even to play on the stiff piano in the neat little drawing-room, with its photographs and its china. I am free to come and go, to see Clematis, to play tennis with her when it is fine, cards with them when the evenings are wet, to help her feed Bruce, to come the short way through the rickyard from my own farm, to stroll over the garden with her to the corner where her canary seed is ripening and the tobacco plant hangs with its proud white petals, proud of the hold it has over the troubled senses of humanity.

And I am free of the thick bread and butter and gooseberry jam on the shore, and before tea is over feel friends with all. How different S. Kensington with its watchful mamma, who "will not have that young man coming so much to the house;" its son, who doesn't think much of you because he never sees you riding in the Row; its self-conscious daughter, whose marriage is arranged and will shortly take place in the guinea paragraphs of the *Morning Post*. *Retro*, S. Kensington! for me henceforth the simplicities of a farm life, up at 5.30, and all lights out soon after nine.

Toutes les jeunes filles sont moqueuses, says Balzac; all but Clematis, with her short upper lip and her clear and fearless glance.

August 16. — Simple as my life is, and happily buried as I feel, still London with its gigantic feelers reaches after me. Londoners are in the neighborhood, and I must go lunch with them. I never want to see London again, never want to go to another private view or first-night; I want only to have a rick-yard of my own and dine henceforth at half past twelve. Still, I must go, and before I can look round find myself drawn into *tableaux vivants*, a dance, and a picnic.

But when I get back to Magpie Hill how glad I am to see the table littered

with books and papers, the windows that open on to the ragged lawn, the pear-trees, and even the black pig-styes; and, best of all, the green lane along which I often see Clematis pass in the mornings to bathe. Scarcely any one else ever uses the lane, except an odd little dried old man I sometimes meet there as I stroll along reading my letters before breakfast. He tells me he comes to bathe, as the bathing is so good in the bay; only he is very much afraid of the wasps; one stung him once in the foot — must be a good many years ago now — and he bows himself away, deprecatingly, in his long black coat and broad felt hat. There's an odd procession, too, occasionally passes: a tall old man in a kind of white kennel coat, two little solemn boys in ragged knickerbockers and blue jerseys, a sallow girl, and a rubicund, middle-aged lady in an old-fashioned black straw hat. The procession is always in the same order, and I have never seen them speak; but the girl and the middle-aged lady always pause to look round the corner of the wall at my farmer's collie, Prince, chained up to watch the back door. They set him violently barking, appear quite satisfied, and pass on.

How odd many lives are, or seem, rather; because one doesn't, perhaps, quite understand them. There's a long, one-storied red-brick house I pass daily on my way to the village to fetch my paper; one of those shallow houses one can see right through, more especially once a fortnight, when the white lace curtains are sent to the wash. Once only have I seen the occupant standing in the strip of garden — a distinguished-looking old man with white moustache and imperial, and an expression of somewhat savage defiance. He never speaks to any one, and employs no servant, allows no one inside the house, and has the milk even left at the door; only Clematis tells me that once, going to church, and caught in the rain, the old gentleman courteously ran after her with an umbrella, and, jealously guarding his door, was waiting there to receive it back on her return. Once or twice he has come upon them hav-

ing tea on the shore and joined them, sombrely watching the kettle boil. But if any one is with them other than the members of the family he passes them by as though there were not, and never had been, any such people in the world. Some disappointment there, I suppose, which has warped a once fine nature, or some sorrow which has broken him to silence; but, Lord! if we were all to let our sorrows and disappointments chase us into solitude, the world would be one melancholy succession of wigwams.

August 21. — Thunder of guns all day from those grey monsters of the French fleet. I wonder what sort of a reception I should get if I dressed myself like Admiral Lord Nelson and boarded 'em politely. I strolled over to Seaview to pay a call, and watched the royal yacht pass up and down the lines and the angry little spits of fire as they saluted her. I had tea in the brand-new house, and painted my clothes at the brand-new gate; a long talk about the usual fetishes of the intelligent Londoner.

Clematis has gone to the Naval Ball, and I feel mopish and widowed. I go to the farm and have a pleasant talk over their bit of fire, but their place is blank and sunless. Come back soon, Clematis, and don't dance too often with those dashing French officers. The time passes leaden-footed with "I Promessi Sposi" and the "Heart of Midlothian."

August 23. — Verses, if you please; what should a man do but write verses when his mistress is away?

I.

The winding lane, all sunny, green,
Leads up to where the stately corn
Waves in its ruddiness serene
Above my little bay forlorn;
Blue, blue the sea, and dazzling white
The cliff that breaks the long dun height.

II.

Along the lane she comes; I hear
Her gentle footfall, and I see
The charming face, so bright, so dear,
That means the world and life to me.
She smiles, she passes! and the shore
Her presence blessed is blank once more.

III.

Oh, happy vision of the day,
More real than life can ever be;
Oh, tread again my lonely bay,
Rise from the bosom of the sea;
And o'er my heart's fond sickness bring
The sunlight of thy healing wing!

I've amused myself setting 'em to music, and sing 'em in the evening to the cracked and tinkling old piano. My farmer's wife thinks it's the wind, I believe.

August 26. — Clematis is back, and Belle and Wah and I go up to tea at the farm. Not a success the visit, on the whole. Wah yells for apples, and being refused them (having had medicine) screams himself purple and blue, looking more like Henry VIII. than ever, having a royal quarrel with Wolsey over Anne Boleyn; while Belle, who has been quite content to jump the tennis net and bury her terra-cotta little fists in the warm basket of grass cut from the lawn, suddenly stamps her foot, looks thunderous, and startles us with, "I want my tea!" After all, perhaps she is only saying what everybody feels at about a quarter to five when they are paying a call.

I walk them home in the perambulator and stroll down to the hotel, where I find the fag-end of a regatta; sailors and loafers at the tug of war, young ladies from the drapers screaming in boat-swings, and the postmaster-watchmaker aiming with extreme gravity at a medicine-bottle in the firing-booth; boors rejoicing in the sunset.

August 28. — Who does not know the subscription dances at the seaside in August, in the Assembly Rooms with the stencilled names of Newton, Galileo, Shakespeare, Goethe, and the melancholy stucco figure grasping a gas bracket? I have danced in a good many places; in the gun-room of a shooting lodge in Scotland, with the stag's head shot that afternoon drooping over the fireplace and the gillie playing a varsoviana on the accordion; in the long room behind the bar of the Prussian Blue down in the East End, with a fat German woman in white *piqué* and a hat with stupendous blue feathers; in many

a country house and Queen's Gate Gardens drawing-room; and now with local young ladies, and some few supercilious Londoners, to the ponderous brass strains of the town band, located in the gallery among the maids and drapers' assistants, who are only waiting for us to have done to begin their own revelry. With the result that I wake at seven to hear the servants of the house return and set to work pulling up the blinds, and going about their duties as though the night had been spent in bed.

And Clematis fetches me at ten and we drive home together, pausing only to buy fruit, which we eat as we go along, the placid old horse dragging us dutifully back to our farm.

But life is not all falling in love, and I have my work to do, and try to do it. Only I know that I never go round to the farm, past the outhouses and Bruce's kennel under the walnut-tree, through the gate and to the open window of the little sitting-room, without a singular beating of the heart and an agitation of which, to tell the truth, I never see the slightest trace in Clematis. She never blushes nor seems moved; never is she anything but calm and bright and friendly; her sweet eyes shine a little, that is all, as she looks up from her work, and out we go together after mushrooms, or on to the down to the Hermit's Cave, or along the cliff to the children's cottage to find Wah with raspberry jam on his forehead and Belle administering tea to a battered doll. I never make love to her, nor approach it; I only try to amuse and interest her, and all the time I go on, as D'Alroy says in "Caste," falling, falling in love, till it seems I shall never reach the bottom. Shall I not speak to her? Ah, but the risk:—

To gain a lover or lose a friend.

August 31.—It is harvest now, and the corn hangs on hedge and branch, torn from the great wagons as they go lumbering past to the rickyard. There are strange and burly men about, acre-hands, and there is nothing but preoccupation and anxiety and watching of the glass at the farm. Harvest time seems

like the last few rehearsals of the new play before the first night; there is hurry and irritability, and the ordinary tenor of life seems quickened and altered. I even take a rake myself and try to become useful, but it ends in tea alone with Clematis in the cool and shady parlor after she has driven down to Longlands to take the men their afternoon meal. So gentle, friendly, trusting a nature I have never met; but her love seems all for Bruce the setter, and none other. I sometimes think I had better go away, and would, only that I have my work to finish. We play cards in the evening, and I win sixpence and go home in the brilliant moonlight to hear the sea rustling on the shingle of my bay. I try to form some message out of ocean's voices, but I can hear nothing but its unrest. Everywhere unrest and doubt; and how can we tell that even in the grave it will be otherwise? "*Invidio quia quiescunt*," said Luther in the churchyard; but who knows what anxieties there may not be in store for us even there? Should I be any happier if I knew Clematis loved me? After winning a heart, is there not the added torment of trying to keep it? — *To bed, to bed!*

September 8.—The one brilliant week of the year, and it passes like a golden dream. Nothing to say about it; one never has if one has been happy. And to-morrow I must go among the Londoners and wear dress-clothes.

September 13.—I walked back over the downs in the moonlight, and, as I won the height, breathed when I saw below the lights of the farm. Faraway at sea the beacon of the guardship flashed; and far, the spangled lights of Southsea. I stole past their window and saw them sitting round the flaring lamp. Bruce gave no sign as I passed his barrel; he seems to know my footstep, and is sure I mean no harm. Good watch-dog, guard thy dear mistress and mine!

I have been playing tennis and dining at eight, taking in a young woman, and scarcely knowing what I talked about to her. Strange, how solitary we all are in life. Which of us does not feel

that, even from those we know best, there is always something hidden, and that not the worst part of us? How many are there with whom one is ever oneself? Life, indeed, often seems one vast game at cross-purposes, from the mere failure of being able to express oneself properly.

We went a long driving picnic and, after lunching in a sloping garden, strolled down to the church in the bay. It seemed as peaceful as a drop-scene, but the tombstones told us of wreck and storm. Here's the captain of the Adventurer and eleven of the passengers and crew, lost here in a terrible storm in November, 1832. Captain John Drew, aged 31, erected to his memory by his sorrowing father, a linendraper in Oxford Street. The boy would go to sea, I suppose, though he might have followed his father's business under the large gilt glove; perhaps he was coming home to marry a quiet girl in the Marylebone Road. But the November storm whirls him away, and the girl learns the news in the little back room behind the shop, and shudders ever after at the autumn wind as it blows down Oxford Street and swings the gilt glove. Drowsy villagers come out of their cottages to stare at the party, sitting on the churchyard wall and smoking cigarettes. Some rustic lover has cut a heart on the gate. "This is the *fin-de-siècle* heart," says one of our party, and with her pencil sketches a money-bag. "L.S. Deism," say I, "the modern worship; it is the one thing to the credit of the ancients that among all their many gods they had no statue to money. But does not a man, after all, marry a girl sufficiently rich, even as the world goes, if he marry one beautiful and good?" At which touching sentiment, cheers and laughter.

September 17. — Clematis calls from her window that she is drying her hair, washing the sea out of it, and I wait in the garden and count the figs, tied up in white bags from bird and wasp. Her brother is high in the apple-tree, and high I climb up after him; I can see the blue sea and a white trooper stealing out past the fort where "brave

Kempenfeldt went down with twice four hundred men."

Clematis shakes the ladder and laughs, and soon her light figure is lofty as any, and she drops the ruddy fruit into the basket her brother holds. We walk back together from the rehearsal of the *tableaux*, and under the long, dark avenue where the rain patters she tells me of her childhood; of her elder sister teaching her, and how she would run from her lessons and be chased round the tennis lawn; of her little brother that died, and of her going to school; of the railway accident and the guard laid out on the line, white and senseless; of the long walks in winter, with only Bruce to keep her company and guard her as it grows dark; of her summer rides and delight in horsemanship, when one friend gave her a habit and another a whip, and she hires a horse and scampers along the sands, jumping the inland sea-lakes and estuaries; of the dances in the coffee-room of the hotel and the little plays at the rectory; of all her simple and contented country life, and her delight and happiness in merely living.

There is a light up-stairs in the room over the sitting-room; it goes out as we turn into the garden. "That's dad," laughs Clematis, "just got into bed. He wants to be in time for the last load of the harvest in the morning."

We say good-bye at the gate, and she thanks me simply for my companionship. Her eyes shine in the starlight, for the night has cleared again, and her lips are parted. Good-night, sweet Clematis, sleep well.

But London life for such a girl, how shall I fashion it? If ever, indeed, it may be she consent to join mine, feverish and troubled. I sit smoking dully over the fire, projecting myself into the future; firing myself off like a rocket, as it were, over a little house down in West Kensington, or up in St. John's Wood or Highgate; and, as the firework bursts, seeing by its light the small, cheerful rooms and our two figures. Shall I ever be able to cheat her into thinking the rumble of the omnibuses is the breaking of the sea she

loves? the jangle of the tramway-bell the melodious tinkle of the sheep as the bell-wether leads the way to higher pasturage on the down? I can hear the bell now, clinking like ice against the side of the tumbler.

September 21. — This is the end of it, the end of all these weeks of trouble and doubt and happiness; that as we drive back together from the *tableaux*, trunk and portmanteau roped on the back seat of the dog-cart, where the roads cross and ours lies straight on, I lean forward and beg Clematis, the morning young and brilliant, to drive us round to the left through Aphthorpe and Bradeling, some five or six miles of sunny autumn country, the long way round to the farm. We may never drive together again; dear Clematis, drive me to the left.

The old horse shrugs his shoulders as he turns by the forge and schoolhouse and drones up the hill towards Merry-orchard; its white window-frames staring through the dark ivy; and past the manor-house with its moss-grown gables; treads delicately over the railway line, and lumbers along the millpool; trots in reverie past the cottages and villas, down many a narrow lane, where we pause to pick the blackberries and crack the nuts. The old horse's days are nearly done, and he seems to be thinking them over, with his head well-nigh between his knees; he has been to many a market, stood peacefully aside and heard the wrangling over many a bargain; has he ever dragged along so beating a heart as mine? that says I will speak before we get to those cottages, or there as we are climbing that hill, or there as we pause on the little bridge to watch the stream steal past the Angler's Rest; that makes all these valiant resolutions, and keeps none of them, for fear of the awakening from so tender and peaceful a dream. And all the while Clematis talks in her clear voice, points with her whip, seems quite unconscious of my trouble.

There never yet was a man, I think, who truly loved, who was not incoherent in the telling it. It is one of the melancholy reasons of false love's not

uncommon success that the forger is cool and collected, can select his phrases, can make them effective and consecutive, worth listening to. But true love is a child that lisps and babbles, begins and finishes not, trembles and shudders with all the infant apprehensions of the dark. I know the very spot on the white road where I spoke, though I know not what my full heart found to say; and oh, ridiculous! before I had done, the elfin wind had blown my hat off, and I had to climb down as best I could to rescue it from a passing pig. But, in the eyes that looked into mine as I climbed back there was so sweet a light, and on her lips so beautiful and trusting a smile, that I knew my cause was won. Trot home with us, old Robin; take us back to the farm she now must one day desert for me and my fortunes. And old Robin seems to mend his pace as though happily conscious that where just now he had the burthen of two hearts he has now but one.

September 30. — Dear days together, of early confidences, of complete idleness and long walks along the sea-wall and over the evening country; tea in many an inn parlor, and parting at the gate when it seems as though it will almost be morning before we can make up our minds to say good-bye. But the last good-bye is said at that most melancholy of all such places, the railway station, and the girl in the corner with a huge bunch of pampas-grass wrapped round with newspaper looks sympathetically out of the window as for the last time I kiss my Clematis's trembling lips.

I have known *das irdische Glück*; I have lived and loved. Fate, whatever else may be in store, can never take from me the memories of that last week, can do nothing but make them yet more bright and clear the more she frown. Autumn drips disconsolate over the noisy Strand, the rain lashes my high windows, hisses down the chimney into my fire; but here it is always summer, and I can always see the purple splash of creeper along the garden wall; the roses over the porch, the delicate

and charming head bent over her work, framed in the ivy that creeps round the parlor window. We are parted, my sweetheart Clematis ; let us pray for the day when we meet to be parted no more, not even by death !

From Macmillan's Magazine.
"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

NOTWITHSTANDING the great popularity of the ballad, the author of "Auld Robin Gray" has always been more or less of a shadowy figure. There is, however, much that is interesting recorded of Lady Anne Lindsay by the family historians, and still more that we can gather from her own stray reminiscences, especially her "Vagrant Scraps," as she calls her vivaciously written domestic chronicles. The Lindseys have always been a literary race. From Sir David Lindsay, the poet, who

Branded the vices of the age
And broke the keys of Rome,

down even to our own day, there never has been a generation which could not boast of a Lindsay devoted to literature, to science, or to art. James Lindsay, the fifth Earl of Balcarres, who lived from 1690 to 1768, and who, as we shall see, filled the old Fifeshire mansion with a family of eleven children after he was sixty, was one of the most cultured and accomplished men of his age. Like his father, he had, not a little to the danger of his own head, taken sides with the Jacobites in 1715, and had thereby considerably embarrassed the family estates. By and by he saw it to be to his interest to renounce his allegiance to Prince Charles Edward, and the best years of his life were spent in faithful service under the banner of the Georges. Still, the rebel taint clung to him firmly. After Dettingen he was represented to the king as a soldier deserving of higher rank, but, "The meanness of the man on this occasion got the better of the dignity of the monarch. He fell into a passion and told the minister that he had occasion to know before that no person who had ever drawn the sword in the Stuart cause

should ever rise to command, and that it was best to tell Lord Balcarres so at once." As to the latter point he was no doubt right, but he might as well have had the message conveyed many years before. In the circumstances the earl naturally became disgusted with the army ; and having sold his commission he passed to the retirement of the family mansion, where, in the company of the old collection of books which had, as Lady Anne remarked, "made chemists and philosophers of all the monks in the castle," he no doubt thought the elements of happiness and contentment would be found.

Earl James, however, very soon discovered that the old truism which declares that it is not good for man to be alone had some application to his own case. But then he was not so young as he had been. He was, in fact, sixty, and what was worse the world insisted on saying he was eighty. No doubt he had some of the externals of a man of rank, and was not without a certain nobility of aspect. Nevertheless, the daughter's graphic picture of her parent (a picture probably painted for her by others) is not such as to lead us to the belief that he had ever shone as a squire of dames.

To his large brigadier wig, which hung down with three tails, he generally added a few curls of his own application, which, I suspect, would not have been reckoned quite orthodox by the trade. His shoe, which resembled nothing so much as a little boat with a cabin at the end of it, was slashed with his penknife for the benefit of giving ease to his honest toes—here, there, he slashed it where he chose to slash, without an idea that the world or its fashions had the smallest right to smile at his shoe ; had they smiled, he would have smiled too, and probably said : "Odsfish ! I believe it is not like other people's but as to that, look, d'ye see ? What matters it whether so old a fellow as myself wears a shoe or a slipper ?"

Earl James was to discover presently that it mattered a good deal. The solitude and the inaction of the Fifeshire mansion had already proved too much for him. He fell ill, and was advised

by the family physician that the cure lay in the mineral waters of Moffat, fifty miles away. To Moffat accordingly the old warrior went, and in the course of time was effectually restored to health, — though not by the waters.

It was all through a certain Miss Dalrymple, a daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton. Lady Anne gives a delightful account, received perhaps from the old man himself, of the first meeting of her father with this charming young lady. Miss Dalrymple was "Fair, blooming, lively; her beauty and *embonpoint* delighted my dear, lean, majestic father. At sixty he began to love with the enthusiasm of twenty-five, but he loved in Miss Dalrymple not the woman she really was, but the woman he thought every female ought to be." Earl James was unfortunately somewhat deaf, and Lady Anne hints that a good deal which he would have been better to know at this time must have escaped him: "He saw with the eyes of his heart and listened with the ears of his imagination." The lady, it seems, had every good quality save that of feminine gentleness, but perhaps if she had added this to her other virtues she would not have been found heart-whole at the waters of Moffat. There is an old song which inquires: "What would a young lassie do wi' an auld man?" and Miss Dalrymple, still under twenty-two, must have asked the question of herself not a few times after that meeting at Moffat. By the time the old earl came to propose she had evidently quite made up her mind on the matter, for she refused him—fully, frankly, finally, refused him. It was a terrible blow, and Earl James went home to Balcarres, literally, as he expected, to die. He really became seriously ill; but the fire of love still burned warmly, and the obdurate beauty learned presently through the family solicitor that half of the Balcarres estate had been settled upon her. This was too much devotion to go unrewarded, and so it happened that Earl James rose from the sick-bed to take his place at the altar.

It was a happy union, richly blessed to all concerned. The old Fifeshire

mansion again became the cheerful residence of a domestic circle. Little feet were heard pattering on the stairs, and in a few years the earl, who once thought he would die a bachelor, was writing that his children were becoming too numerous for his lairdship. "I am sorry for it," he says, "as I cannot provide for so many. Ceres led me into plenty, Venus has again reduced me to poverty. Yet I do not complain, for as the poet says, even the pains of love are preferable to all other pleasures." The Mohammedans reckoned plenty of trees and plenty of children the two highest claims to paradise, and founding on that, Earl James might certainly expect a place there for his good works at seventy-seven. He did not survive the age just mentioned, but passed away quietly, surrounded by his children and attended by his yet beautiful wife still under forty. He had been a good soldier, a good husband, a good father, and what was more to some, a good laird. Many little stories are told in illustration of his kindness of heart under a somewhat rough exterior. One season he had a field of turnips upon which he prided himself a good deal, and walking abroad in the early morning he surprised an old woman busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After giving her a hearty scolding, to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated curtsies, he was walking away when the woman called after him: "Eh, my lord, the bag's unco' heavy. Would ye be sae kind as to help me on to my back wi't?—which he did forthwith, when the culprit decamped with profuse thanks!

Lady Anne has sketched in her own lively manner the principal members of the family circle at the Fife mansion. There had long existed a prophecy that the first-born of the last descendant of the house of Balcarres was to restore the Stuarts to their hereditary rights. It was to be a son, of course; but alas! for the fortune-tellers and the gossips, to say nothing of the hopes of Prince Charlie, Lady Balcarres presented the old earl with a daughter—absolutely but a daughter! This was the child

who was to write perhaps the most popular ballad in the Scottish language; a fact which the father did not live to know, but which if he had known would undoubtedly have made up to him for the disappointment he must have felt at the delay of the son and heir. Daughter though it was, we are told that he "thanked his young wife as if she had conferred on him a boon he had no right to expect from her." Lady Balcarres seems to have believed implicitly in the maxim of spare the rod and spoil the child. Little misdemeanors she looked upon as crimes, and as the family grew the mansion-house became a sort of miniature Bastille; hardly a closet in the house but had its daily culprit, some sobbing and repeating refractory verbs, some eating bread and water, some preparing themselves to be whipped. The little Lady Anne was the most difficult of all to punish; her misdeeds were not in general important enough to demand whipping; and bread and water she regarded as rather an agreeable change from the usual dietary. There are indications, however, that she did not escape the more painful ordeal to which her brothers and sisters had occasionally to submit. Lady Balcarres, we learn, chastised mostly with her own "little white hand," and Lady Anne bears testimony that the little white hand, soft though it was, could administer no slight species of flagellation. Here is an interesting reflection on this period of her life, written long after she had passed into womanhood:—

What a good age is this for children. It has even become the fashion to be studious of their morals, manners, and amusements. It was not so in the days of Noah—ah! no. They owe this to Madame de Genlis; others copy her, and so much the better. Parents were formerly harsh and unjust to their children, and sometimes they got bad characters from their relations, all for their good, which accompanied them through life, depressing them perhaps during the half of it. If Tommy was twice a bad boy, he was "the worst boy in the world;" if George stole tarts and denied it from the fear of being whipped he was a "notorious liar and a thief." George feels the epithets in his heart's core for years after the tarts

are digested. Long live Madame de Genlis, if she can make youth happier and better without the birch!

Lady Anne, like her little brothers and sisters, stole tarts too, and with charming candor she declares upon her honor that tarts have never tasted so sweet since!

It has been somewhere noted that the observance of the Sabbath makes a series of grim and perhaps serviceable pauses in the tenor of Scotch boyhood,—days of great stillness and solitude for the rebellious mind, when in the dearth of books and play and in the intervals of studying the Shorter Catechism the intellect and senses play upon each other. At Balcarres Sunday was a great day. "Thou shalt do no manner of work" was in the case of the children held to mean the learning of twelve verses of a psalm, walking two miles to church and reading the Bible for the rest of the time. The Presbyterian service does not seem to have had charms for Lady Anne. She speaks of listening with smiles to the discords by which the congregation assailed the ears, and likens the sensations thus produced to what might be expected from a congregation of converted Hottentots joining in one hymn. But the educational tasks of the week days were much harder to bear than the Bible-reading and inaction of the Sunday. On one occasion a revolt was made, when the whole troop of youngsters, after taking counsel together, fled to a neighboring house where they had before been received with kindness. The little James had not yet got into breeches, and having to be carried most of the three miles he considerably retarded the progress of the fugitives. The juvenile party had not been gone an hour when old Robin Gray the shepherd—mark the name!—reported to the countess that, "All the young gentlemen and the young ladies, and all the dogs are run away, my lady." Pursuit was at once organized, and very shortly the culprits were again in their closets at the castle, awaiting the inevitable punishment. On this occasion whipping was considered to be too good, and each of the little criminals was sen-

tenced to a dose of tincture of rhubarb, classically just in degrees, as the eldest, consequently the most guilty, had the last and most offensive glass in the bottle. All this shows the countess to have been a disciplinarian of the first order. The old earl was of a more indulgent nature; and although he considered it a point of honor to leave the management of the children entirely to their mother, yet at times he would remonstrate. "Odsfish! madam!" he would say, "I will not have it so; you will break the spirit of my young troop." That, however, would be about the last thing to happen to a Lindsay, and all these much-chastised and often-incarcerated boys early won military distinction, or made their way honorably in private life. Moreover they surrounded with comfort and kindly attention the serene old age of their once inflexible little mother, who now permitted herself the luxury of being gentle.

Lady Anne Lindsay was but twenty-one when "Auld Robin Gray" was written. The history of the song is interesting enough, even curious enough, to be worth telling pretty fully. Like many of Burns's best efforts it was written to supplant a bad song, — known by its refrain, "The bridegroom grat [i.e., wept] when the sun gaed down" — which had become associated with a good air. The rude words with their tune first came to the ears of Lady Anne through an eccentric character named Sophy Johnstone, who went to Balcarres on a visit, and found the place so much to her liking that she remained for thirteen years. In these days of conventionality it is positively refreshing to read of an original type of female such as this Sophy appears to have been. Her father was what is commonly called an odd dog. When Sophy was born he resolved to try an experiment with her, and this experiment took the form of sending her into the world with absolutely no education of any kind. The result of the experiment could hardly be called successful. She taught herself to read, and prevailed on the butler to give her lessons in writing, but her other accomplishments were

more varied than elegant. Nature to the last seems to have hesitated whether to make her a man or a woman. Lady Anne tells us that her tastes led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. "She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the blacksmith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of *being* a man." Sir Walter Scott knew her well, and speaks of her "jockey coat, masculine stride, strong voice, and occasionally round oath." He relates an instance of her rudeness. His sister was visiting at a friend's house, and met Sophy Johnstone there. She happened to move her feet into the space which the masculine Sophy considered peculiarly her own, whereupon the gentle Anne Scott was startled with a kick on the shins, and the inquiry, "What is the lassie wabstering [weaving] there at?" She must have had some likeable qualities, however, since she secured the friendship not only of the Balcarres family, but also of Mrs. Cockburn, author of "The Flowers of the Forest," and one of the most remarkable women in the Scottish society of last century. During her later years she developed into a wretched miser, and any one who went to visit her was met with an outstretched palm and the demand, "What have ye brought?"

It is curious to think that but for this eccentric creature the world might never have had "Auld Robin Gray," the queen of all Scotch ballads, and, as Scott has it, "A real pastoral worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phillis have had together since the days of Theocritus downwards." Lady Anne became quite enraptured with the old melody sung by the harsh-voiced Sophy, but the rude words were a stumbling-block, and she began to think of replacing them by a new song. Writing to Sir Walter Scott many years afterwards (in 1823) she says: —

I longed to siag old Sophy's air to different words, to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in

humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* and the song completed.

The ballad almost immediately got into circulation, but without the name of the author. Like the Baroness Nairne, Lady Anne shrunk from literary fame, and for more than fifty years, during which time there had been many speculations, some of them wild enough, regarding the history and authorship of "Auld Robin Gray," she carefully remained silent. "I was pleased in secret," she writes to Scott, "with the approbation the ballad met with, but such was my dread of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret." Some of the controversialists recognized the song as a modern production, while others stoutly maintained that it was of the sixteenth century, some even suggesting that it was the work of the ill-starred David Rizzio! So keen became the discussion that a reward of twenty guineas was offered to any one who would definitely settle the question of the authorship. The Society of Antiquaries took the matter up, and deputed their secretary, Mr. Jerningham, to wait on Lady Anne and examine her closely on the subject. Lady Anne not unnaturally resented this impertinence, and overwhelmed the unlucky secretary in a reply which more than anything else shows the great popularity which the song had even then attained.

The ballad in question [said Lady Anne] has, in my opinion, met with attention beyond its deserts. It set off with having a very fine tune set to it by a doctor of music,

was sung by youth and beauty for five years or more; had a romance composed from it by a man of eminence; was the subject of a play, of an opera, of a pantomime; was sung by the united armies in America, acted by Punch, and afterwards danced by dogs in the street, but—never more honored than by the present investigation!

It was not until the year 1823 that Lady Anne made open avowal of her authorship, when she furnished Sir Walter Scott with all the particulars of Auld Robin's conception and history, in a long letter which the author of "Waverley" printed as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club. Long before this, however, she had been identified in private circles. Lady Anne herself tells that happening to sing the song one day at Dalkeith House, with more feeling perhaps than belonged to a common ballad, Lady Frances Scott smiled and fixing her eyes on the singer said, "You wrote this song yourself." The blush which followed at once revealed the culprit. "Perhaps," said Lady Anne, "I blushed the more, being then very young, from the recollection of the coarse words from which I had borrowed the tune, and was afraid of the raillery which might have taken place if it had been discovered I had ever heard such words." On this occasion, by the way, Lady Anne seems to have met with some curious criticisms on the song. The Laird of Dalzell, for instance, said privately to her, "My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a little bit, and instead of singing, *To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gae to sea, say To make it twenty merks*, for a Scottish pound is but twenty pence, and Jamie was not such a fool as to leave Jenny and go to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line," whispered the laird, "that tells me the song was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it." There was a writer in the town of Edinburgh, however, who dissented altogether from old Dalzell's opinion. "A crown," said Sir Walter Scott, "is no denomination of Scottish money, and

therefore the pound to which it is to be augmented is not a Scottish pound. If it were objected to this exposition that it is unnatural that Jamie should speak of any other denomination of coin than the Scotch, I would produce you a dozen old papers to prove that the coast of Fife in ancient times carried on a great trade with Holland and other countries, and of course French crowns and pounds sterling were current denominations among them." Sir Walter argues the point at considerable length, but surely prosaic matters of this kind need not enter into the consideration of a work of fancy like "Auld Robin Gray." The author admitted that there was "something" in the old laird's objections, but she never corrected the alleged error by *changing* the pound, which has always passed *current* in its present state.

Various readings of "Auld Robin Gray" were sanctioned by Lady Anne herself, and the multiplication of texts has proved rather annoying. One important variation attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott. The fifth verse originally read,—

My heart it said nay, and I looked for Jamie
back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was
a wrack,
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie
dee,
Or why am I spared to cry *Wae's me?*

In the copy which Lady Anne sent to Scott the third line here appeared as, "The ship it was a wreck, why didna *Jeane* dee?" Of course the keen eye of the master at once detected the change.

I am not quite sure [wrote Sir Walter] whether in their mutual distress the wish that Jamie had not survived, beloved as he was, is not more deeply pathetic than that which she utters for her own death. Besides, Jamie's death is immediately connected with the shipwreck, and her own more remotely so,—“It had been better for either of us to have died, than to be as we are now”—I speak all this under great correction, because when one's mind and ear become accustomed to a reading, as mine to this one, it frequently happens that one

is impatient even of the substitution of something decidedly better in its place.

To this gentle remonstrance Lady Anne made the following reply:—

Your query is a very natural one. When I wrote it first it was, *Why didna Jamie dee?*—“Would he not have been happier dead than seeing my wretchedness and feeling his own?” But the pens of others have changed this to their own fancy, and I suppose my young transcriber has put the word *Jeane* instead of *Jamie* in the copy you got. I feel the justness of your criticism, and from the first meant it to be as you recommend it.

The author of "The Lives of the Lindsays" prints what he calls the genuine text along with a curious French version by Florian. This text is not quite identical with the version in popular use; and as Lord Lindsay admits that he has "taken the liberty" of making it up "from the different authentic copies," in his possession it can only be *genuine* in a restricted sense. He gives, however, at the same time the most important of the various readings of the ballad, so that it is in the power of every one to arrange the text to his own liking. "Auld Robin Gray," in any of its forms, has been fortunate in the admiration of the world, and unfortunate only in the abuse of Pinkerton. Ritson praised it warmly, and he was not as a rule given to praising anything that had its birth in Scotland. "The elegant and accomplished authoress," says he, "has in this beautiful production, to all that tenderness and simplicity for which the Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of expression which it never before attained." Something of the popularity of the ballad is no doubt due to its tune. This is not the old air which Sophy Johnstone was wont to give out in stentorian tones at Balcarres, but a much finer melody, the composition of the Rev. William Leeves, of Wrington in Somersetshire.

Many years after "Auld Robin Gray" was written Lady Anne composed a second part, or continuation. This, she explained, she did to please her mother, who wished the world to know "how

that unfortunate business of Jeanie and Jamie ended." The unfortunate business had much better been left as it stood. The continuation of the story was a failure, admitted to be a failure even by the author herself. In the sequel Auld Robin is made to die and young Jamie to marry the widow, which undoubtedly destroys the fine conception of the original story, the charm of which lies in the plaintive wail of Jeanie, whose life has been blighted from a desire to save her parents from starvation. Still, there are some pretty touches, such as in the verse describing Auld Robin's watchfulness of Jeanie after learning her secret :—

Nae questions he spier'd her concerning her
health,
He look'd at her often, but aye 'twas by
stealth,
Till his heart it grew great, and sighing he
feign'd
To gang to the door to see if it rain'd.

Scott disliked the continuation as a whole, because it takes away Robin Gray's honest fame, and quite injures the simplicity of the original tale where all are rendered miserable by no evil passions or culpable conduct on any side, but by a source of distress arising out of the best and most amiable feelings of all parties.

While her brothers were searching for wealth or fame in foreign lands Lady Anne resided with a sister in London, where she came in contact with many of the wits and statesmen of the day. Men of distinction and wealth had sought her hand in vain; she remained heart-whole until captured late in life by Mr. Barnard, a son of the Bishop of Limerick. Barnard, who was clever though not wealthy, was appointed colonial secretary under Lord Macartney, and the newly wedded pair set out for the Cape of Good Hope, which for them did not belie its name. Lady Anne seems to have spent a gay time at the Cape, giving balls and parties, and doing what she could "To reconcile the Dutch to the sight of their masters by the attraction of fiddles and French horns." In her own house she

amused herself with a variety of pet animals. There was a buck, so attached to her that it would have slept at her feet had not Mr. Barnard objected. She had a pair of secretary birds which never ate standing, but regularly sat down to dinner; a sea-calf which had been induced to live by its mouth being filled with milk every time it opened its jaws to bewail its forlorn condition; a penguin which divided its time between a pond and the drawing-room; and two jackals which used to race round the fortifications followed by all the dogs of the colony. Lady Anne had no children herself, and as she found that large families were objects of pride with the Dutch, she disarmed the pity extended to her by taking credit for three or four boys in England. Some of her adventures are amusing enough. She organized an expedition to the top of Table Mount, herself being the only lady of the party. She donned for the occasion a portion of Mr. Barnard's attire, which, of course, provoked some banter between them as to her "wearing the breeks." She reached the top first, attributing her agility as much to the lightness of her heart as to the lightness of her heels, and she led the party in "God Save the King!" on the summit. Lady Anne's journals give some curious revelations of the state of the colony at this time. A nobleman called at the Cape on his way to India to assume the office of governor-general, but the Dutchman's house where he was accommodated was so infested with bugs that his Excellency was obliged to beseech Lady Anne to have mercy on him, and she put him up in a back parlor, opening on the yard where dwelt her aforementioned pets.

When the Cape was restored to the Dutch in 1802, Lady Anne returned to England. Six years later Mr. Barnard died, and she went to reside with her sister, Lady Margaret, in London. The years that remained to her she devoted mainly to compiling materials for a continuation of the "History of the Lindsays." To the end she was as cheerful as any "light Lindsay" could well be. "When alone," she says, "I am not

five-and-twenty; I can entertain myself with a succession of inventions, which would be more effective if they were fewer. I forget that I am sixty-eight, and if by chance I see myself in the glass, looking very abominable, I do not care." Her stores of anecdote seem to have been peculiarly rich. As a specimen of her piquant manner of relating a story, take this of her grandfather, Earl Colin, one of the handsomest men of his day, who had begun his matrimonial career by captivating a Dutch lady, cousin to William of Orange. Lord Balcarres is on his way to France and stops in Holland that he may pay a visit to the relations of the first Lady Balcarres.

He appeared before them with that mitigated mildness of well-bred sorrow, which, after a lapse of fifteen or twenty years, and two or three wives in the interim, was not supposed to be very lively. They were all

grown old, but the circumstances attending the whole remaining fresh in their minds from having less to think of than he had, they presumed he would have a melancholy pleasure in looking at the picture of his first wife. He replied that her picture was unnecessary to recall features he never could forget—there she was! (looking at a painting well appointed as to frame, and honorably stationed over the chimney-piece) her manner—her air! The honest *vrouw* smiled; *it was one of the four seasons!*

Lady Anne Barnard passed away in 1825 with vigor of intellect unimpaired, and her delightful conversation enlivened to the close by the proverbial cheerfulness of her race. She left no proof of her genius which could be placed on an equality with "Auld Robin Gray." She wrote other poetical pieces, but none of them ever became popular; and she goes down to fame simply as the author of a single song.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

A RUSSIAN VERSION OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE CHARGE. — Reuter's special correspondent now in Russia met in the course of his investigations a steward, Ivan Ivanovitch, who had been through the Crimean War. He was wounded at the battle of Balaklava, and gave the correspondent a vivid description of the charge of the Light Brigade: "We were so sorry for them, he said, they were such fine fellows, and they had such splendid horses. It was the maddest thing that was ever done. I cannot understand it. They broke through our lines, took our artillery, and then, instead of capturing our guns and making off with them, they went for us. I had been in the charge of the Heavy Brigade in the morning, and was slightly wounded. We had all unsaddled, and were very tired. Suddenly we were told, 'the English are coming.' 'Confound them,' we said. My colonel was very angry, and ordered his men to give no quarter. I was lying at some distance with my wound bandaged when I saw them coming. They came on magnificently. We thought they were drunk from the way they held their lances. Instead of holding them under their armpits they waved them in the

air, and, of course, they were easier to guard against like that. The men were mad, sir. They never seemed to think of the tremendous odds against them, or of the frightful carnage that had taken place in their ranks in the course of that long, desperate ride. They dashed in among us, shouting, cheering, and cursing. I never saw anything like it. They seemed perfectly irresistible, and our fellows were quite demoralized. The fatal mistake we made in the morning was to receive the charge of your Heavy Brigade standing, instead of meeting it with a counter-shock. We had so many more men than you, that had we continued our charge downhill, instead of calling a halt just at the critical moment, we should have carried everything before us. The charge of your Heavy Brigade was magnificent, but they had to thank our bad management for the victory. We liked your fellows. When our men took prisoners they used to give them our vodka. Awful stuff it was, more like spirits of wine than anything else. Your fellows used to offer us their rum in exchange, but we did not care for it; it was too soft and mild. The Russian soldier must have his vodka."

